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A LOVE SONG.

BY N-Where the nightingale warbles at setting of sun, I wander alone with my love at my side; And, kissed by the shadows around gathering dun, Her cheek with the tint of the blushrose is dyed.

CHORUS.

And I whisper, "Sweet maiden, all blindly I grope, Let thine eye light my pathway, beacon of hope.

Oh! pity a heart that in darkness doth grope;
Be thine eye to its pathway a beacon of hope."

On her cheek's satin surface the long lashes rest;
And droops her proud head, like a lily the gale
Too roughly caresses; and flutters her breast
As the ringdove's when dangers her nestlings CHORUS: And I whisper, etc.

Now the snowy lids lifting, disclose to my sight Two lamps empyrean, illumed by the soul, Whose effulgent beams, bursting afar on the night, Guide my spirit in safety and peace to its goal.

And I whisper, "Sweet maiden, no longer I grope For thine eye lights my pathway, a beacon of hope. No longer, sweet maiden, in darkness I grope, For the light of thine eye is my beacon of hope."

Vials of Wrath:

THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL, AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-BLIND," "OATH BOUND," "BARBARA'S FATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

SUB ROSA. THE moment Frank Havelstock met the household in the breakfast-parlor, the morning after Georgia's interview with her husband, that had resulted with such pitiful fatefulness he saw at a first glance that the event had transpired—the event upon which he had builded his plans, the event he had caused to transpire by his far-sighted, quiet treacherous-

It was done, exactly as he hoped it would be done, although when he could not decide and cared less to know. All he wanted to

know and see was known and seen by him, as he sauntered among the gay little party that was grouped in one end of the apartment.

Ida Wynne met his low, half-confidential greeting with a flush of frank delight, he had such a way of making all women believe he existed but for them. existed but for them.

existed but for them.

"You surely enjoyed the 'pleasant dreams'
I wished you last night, Miss Wynne, for you have come from the sacred realms of slumber as fresh as a rose.

His cool, critical eyes were taking in every detail of her fascinating toilet, from the lightblue knot of ribbon in her flowing hair to the pearl buttons in her white lawn wrapper. He thought what a pretty, graceful little thing she was; hardly enough fire in her to suit him, but certainly very sweet, girlish, and appreciative. He mentally decided that, and the while made a certain tender light radiate from his eyes; it was second nature to him to

And Ida, with a thrill of her foolish heart, thought-well, wild, vague thoughts, that she herself scarcely understood, except that she was very happy, and was so glad Mr. Havelstock was come to Tanglewood.

He sauntered leisurely from Ida's side, and exchanged greetings with the other guests, and then found himself at Georgia's side, looking with evilly triumphant eyes that did not betray themselves in her still, marble-calm face, that showed traces, to his and her husband's notice alone, of the awful storm of passion she had weathered. She was pleasantly, reservedly affable, as she always wasthe quiet, polished hostess, the fair, noble, undemonstrative woman. Havelstock bowed, then gave her his hand.

She did not hesitate to lay her own in it, although, as she raised her blue eyes one instant to his face, Havelstock saw a peculiar expression in them—a half wistful look, as if mutely begging his sympathy; a half re-proachful one, as if, all unconsciously, her fine womanly perception recognized him as the destroyer of her happiness; as if she felt as she touched his hand—and felt without accepting the intuition—that his was the hand that had driven the ir n into her very soul.

Havelstock understood the subtle influence

that affected her, and he knew, as well, that her vague unrest would not unpleasantly affect him; and so he smiled, gravely, and with a frank, honest courtesy that seemed strangely acceptable to her—that added fresh proof to Lexington, who saw it, that Havelstock was a choice friend indeed.

"You are not looking so well as I would sh, Mrs. Lexington. You were up too late wish, Mrs. Lexington. You were up too late last night, I fear. May I prophecy that a happy event to-day will restore your temporarily vanished bloom?"

She could not misunderstand him, and a wild, pained look leaped into her eyes; a weary, heart-sick expression whitened around her

"Do not forecast for me, Frank, for there remains nothing now. That is all over with. Her wailing complaint smote him, a moment, as he dropped her hand. Then Lexington's clear, cheery voice dissipated his regret.
"Come, Havelstock, you are monopolizing Georgia's attention entirely too much, con sidering the state of our appetites. Suppose you give an arm to Ida, and we'll have break-

Mrs. Lexington." He offered her his arm with a gallantry that



She fairly leered in Ethel's pale, contemptuous face.

perfectly deceived every one who needed to be deceived; and even Havelstock could not but admire the splendid ease with which poor Georgia accepted the situation.

After that the days went on one very much as another. There were drives, boating, delightful flirtations, long days a-picnicing, when Havelstock read Tennyson to Ida Wynne under the cool shadows of forest-trees; there After that the days went on one very much as another. There were drives, boating, delightful filtrations, long days a-picnicing, when Havelstock read Tennyson to Ida Wynne under the cool shadows of forest-trees; there were croquet and billiards, dancing and promenades, in all of which Lexington and Georgia joined, apparently on exactly the right terms, really drifting further and further apart as the golden summer went on and apart as the golden summer went on and an another right terms, really drifting further and further apart as the golden summer went on and apart as the golden summer went on and should be another property, vain girl, had refused eligible offers in their halcyon days, in the fond hope and certainty of something grander, and then, in the end, had taken up with what they would have scorned a few that girl from the moment she set her eyes upon her, five years ago, when she came a bride to you this morning. You may as well sit down, for there are several subjects I wish to bring before you."

Ethel Maryl! how she had hated and envied that girl from the moment she set her eyes upon her, five years ago, when she came a bride to you this morning. You may as well sit down, for there are several subjects I wish to bring before you."

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Then came the greatest event of Frank Havelstock's life—an episode that he marveled at as he never had marveled before: when he wondered until amazement was exhausted, now it had happened that he, the adamant hearted—he, the invulnerable—he, the pet of dozens of eligible girls, had succumbed, at once, hopelessly, to a poor, unknown girl, with a queenly air, a witching face, a pair of rarest pronze-brown eyes, that kindled so at his

He had met Ethel Maryl in a very unromantic, matter-of-fact way, but her grace, her manner, had conquered him almost before ome friend at the rustic croquet party had

Then had followed the race between him and young Leslie Verne, another suitor for the girl's hand; then had come those delicious three or four weeks of watching Ethel and learning how he swayed her with his merest And now, a month after he had been at Tanglewood, he had made up his mind to marry her—bright, peerless Ethel.

> CHAPTER IX. ETHEL.

A SMALL, Gothic cottage, of light lavender color, with closely-shut green shutters, between whose slats occasionally shone a black, gloomy crepe weeper; with the wide front entrance closed against the joyous June sunshine, and brooding over the entire homestead the dismal shadow of the late visitation of the grim reaper.

Suggestively mournful as the outward appearance of the snug, homelike little place was, nearly all tokens of death's presence had vanished from within, especially in a large, airy bedroom at the head of the stairs, through whose partly open door one passing by could ee Mrs. Lawrence, the six-week's widow, lolling in a wide easy chair, a novel lying on her lap, and on the little marble table near her a box of candy, with which she had evidently been trying to assuage her lonely

She was faded, with just sufficient relics of beauty to explain the irritation of manner in which she always indulged when speaking of other days when she was younger, and fresher, and fairer.

It was very bitter to Mrs. Lawrence to think other women could fascinate where she was overlooked. She could not accustom herself to the fact that she was hollow-eyed and bony and scanty haired—she who, at twenty, had been the praise of so many lips for her perfect

She had lost her taste in dressing, too, and persisted in adorning herself in attire only She wore her suitable to fresh, glowing girls. thin hair crepe over her wrinkled forehead, and never omitted the long curls of false hair that she thought "set off her style," as they

with what they would have scorned a few years earlier.

Not that John Lawrence was to be scorned; he was a thousand fold nobler man than she was a woman, and his only fault was that he was a woman, and his only fault was that he loved her at all, the sober, staid, middle-aged jet sleeve that fell away to the elbow. widower, who asked Gertrude Fainham to be his wife, and a mother to his little adopted daughter, Ethel Maryl, whom he and his first and she never will gall me like wormwood wife had taken, in their childlessness, and loved as their own. Ethel's life had been one dream of happiness since she could remember. Her babyhood had been beyond her memory, and her earliest recollections were of herself and Mrs. Lawrence gathering flowers in the same dear old-fashioned garden, through which for nearly sixteen years she had walked daily. She never had known a want, or a care

She had had the carefullest training, physically morally, and intellectually. Her foster-parents had given her every advantage of education, been lavishly liberal of money, so far as their means permitted, dressed her equally with any young girl around, and

loved her rapturously Under such advantageous surroundings, Ethel Maryl grew to be a most charming girl her natural disposition found full vent, her dainty, high-bred temperament met ample, appreciative sympathy; and added to her odd,

piquant beauty, made her a splendid woman. She was just eighteen now; with the rare combination of gravity and joyous sweetness: of a frank, spirited, sunshiny disposition, truthful and honorable to a fault, quick to make friends, capable of retaining them; proud as a duchess, with an inbred scorn of meanne and smallness, and a horror of fawning dependence, that deepened and strengthened with every successive day of her life.

Her physical charms were in perfect accord with her mental and moral attributes; and Mrs. Lawrence's were not the only eyes that had been dazzled and enchanted, by her rare, graceful beauty.

She was very slightly under woman's medium size; not enough to suggest tininess, but rather of a hight and build that conveyed the idea of womanly dependence and petiteness.

She was inclined to slenderness, with exquisitely rounded limbs, and dazzlingly fair skin, with not the least vestige of color, except in her beautiful, scarlet lips.

Her eyes were intensely dark; large, of a nue of deepest, richest brown, with dark, heavy brows, and curling lashes. Then, to finish the portrait, precisely as an artist would have created the head of his ideal, was Ethel's hair; her splendid, surprising hair, of perfect golden hue. Not yellow; there was no hint of from her lips. yellow in those long, waving tresses, but as vividly golden as if plunged in a bath of liquid sunshine.

The rare combination of dark eyes and golden hair, is peculiarly beautiful under any circumstances, but in Ethel Maryl, added to her other charms, it made her glorious.

The attitude was perfection; and Mrs. Lawrence boiled with jealous rage, as she noted the small, white hand, the round wrist, and the gradual, symmetrical swell of the dazzling

"Artful minx! and she pretends she doesn't know how irresistible she is! A week more, again, with her high-bred ways, and her quiet, aristocratic independence! Let John Lawrence turn over in his coffin, if he wants to, because I shall deliberately disobey his dying request, to care for Ethel as he would have done. Let him haunt me; I'm more afraid of her living beauty, than any dead man's eyes!'

She thought it, in a vague, fierce, defiant way, as she watched the girl a moment, and then folded her hands on her book, with her jealous eyes riveted on Ethel's sweet, sad face, over which the shadow of Azrael's passing wing had left its pitiful mark. She had dearly loved Mr. Lawrence, although she knew she was not his child.

"I presume you have been expecting to be summoned to me for some time, but my nerves have been in such a state that I have felt positively unequal to the task. Now, however, I think the time has come for you to decide upon your plans "

Ethel looked wonderingly at her before she replied.

My plans? for what, Mrs. Lawrence?" There was such perfect guileless innocence in the questions, that Mrs. Lawrence could have struck her, it enraged her so.
"You are remarkably angelic, in your ig-

norance; or what is much more likely, skilled in deceiving! You know perfectly well to what I refer; your plans for your future. What do you intend doing for a living when you leave this house, which, since my husband's death, is, of course, no longer a home for you. With your high-headed ideas, you won't expect me to carry on and continue any romantic affair of his."

Ethel sat quietly, though her heart was pulsing fast, and her head whirled with the suddenness of the position. All that Mrs. Lawrence could detect, was a darkening of the eyes, and a slight quivering, for one second, of the proud, sensitive mouth.

"You take me so entirely by surprise, Mrs. Lawrence, that I can not answer you at once. I never dreamed of such a thing as leaving the only home I ever have known, where I was always so happy until-Mrs. Lawrence caught the sentence savagely

"Until I came here, you were going to say,

Well, there hasn't been much love lost between us." Her quick, excited tones were in sharp con-

trast to Ethel's low, refined ones. "I would have said, Mrs. Lawrence, if you had not interrupted me, that I had been very acknowledge, there has been no sentiment wasted between us."

"Papa!" sneered Mrs. Lawrence; "if you knew how disgustingly it sounded, when you are perfectly aware of the fact that he was no

"He was my dearest earthly friend—a fa-ther in deed, word, and truth. I shall always speak of him as such. However, this has no

bearing upon the subject you introduced."
"You are right. What I wish to say, once for all, is this:—that you have had from the Lawrence estate all you ever will have—and what you have cost, in education, in dress, in keeping, is a fortune in itself. Mr. Lawrence saw fit to make a lady of you, who may be, for all any one knows, the child of basest born

Ethel flushed at that—only a second, for her temper was as well under control as it was

"You display your ignorance of human laws when you say that, Mrs. Lawrence. You know I never could be the daughter of low, ignorant people, poor though they probably were, to have given me to strangers, if they did do so. You know I am a lady, Mrs. Law-

rence, by instinct, by taste, by feeling."

She made her defense bravely, proudly, and although Mrs. Lawrence realized the girl as infinitely her superior, she could not resist the impulse to add a new thong to the scourge of her tormenting tongue.

"You certainly have no small estimate of yourself, Miss Ethel Maryl. Perhaps you consider yourself the daughter of a millionaire, the heiress of untold gold? Don't you really think now, you might, by some possibility, be—well, for example, Mr. Lexington's child, over there at Tanglewood?"

She fairly legged in Ethel's nells contained.

She fairly leered in Ethel's pale, contemptu-

"Or if you deride that modest idea, suppose you make up your mind to earn your undeniable right and title to wealth and position by marrying Mr. Leslie Verne? He is crazy after

marrying Mr. Lesile verne: He is crazy after you, they say."

"Mrs. Lawrence!" and Ethel arose quietly, with a self-conscious hauteur that became her well, as her dark, bright eyes calmly met the widow's restless ones. "It can be but simply a matter of courtesy in me, which I unhesitatingly pay to my father's widow, regardless of the sentiments you have yourself inspired. of the sentiments you have yourself inspired in me toward you, that I tell you I have no designs on Mr. Verne's heart. He is only a dear friend, and as such I suppose he will re-

"A moment longer-since I shall not reid since on a week from to-day I expect you to vacate this place —I will advise you, since you declare you will not marry Mr. Verne, that you do not refuse Frank Havelstock—if he asks you."

A faint anger crept in Ethel's eyes, and she moved toward the door.

"I am safe in obeying the dictates of my own judgment, I assure you. Neither Mr. Verne, or Mr. Havelstock will influence me in

my decision to leave this house-not next week, but at once." Mrs. Lawrence saw her leave the room,

heard the gentle rustle of her skirts as she descended to the floor below, and smiled content-edly as she opened her novel, and helped herself to a chocolate caramel.

> CHAPTER X. A TRUE MAN'S LOVE.

ETHEL stopped in the lower hall just long enough to take her little straw hat from the rack, which she put on over her floating hair as she let herself out the front entrance. She descended the steps of the veranda,

and went down across the smooth-shaven lawn toward the road, where the large rustic gates were closed and locked.

She unfastened them, and then once out on the shaded path, with the flickering shadows falling over her bowed head, and the fresh crisp grass making cool paths for her hurrying feet, she slackened her pace, that was the result of her pent-up emotion, and went slowly, thoughtfully along, revolving over and over the sudden changes that had come into her young life.

It would be hard, in a degree, to leave the dear little cottage where plenty and content had reigned so many years—until the second Mrs. Lawrence came-where every article of furniture was like an old friend, and the big rose-bushes on the lawn border had grown with her, summer after summer.

Ethel remembered so well the day Mr. Lawrence had planted the pear trees, years and years before, and she had helped hold them with her wee, white hands while he shoveled in the rich dirt. It had been a moonlight night, and they three, Ethel and Mr. Lawrence and his wife, had laughed because they were sufficiently superstitious to plant them then, rather than in the matter-of-fact daytime.

Ethel could see the trees from where she was, in all their leafy panoply—tall, sturdy trees, with promise of a beautiful crop of luscious, golden skinned pears—that neither of the three who planted them would ever again

And, when Ethel had supposed she was as deep-rooted for life as they, to be thus torn up, and cast adrift!

A little, fleeting look of wrath crossed her face, then vanished, leaving her full of high,

strong, proud self-assurance. "I would not wish to remain on sufferance even in papa's house; I would not remain even And Mrs. Lawrence fairly hated her; hated happy here until papa died; although, as you rence despised me as she does. The world is

love her with a passion that shames my boyish affection into silence. Havelstock's face wore an expression of

deepest concern. "I wonder where the trouble lies? Lexing-

ton, if Georgia should come to you, and ask you to forgive her, and beg for your love and favor, what would you do?"

was his feeler, this question that would further decide his plans. He put it cautiously, with the air of a man who yearned to do his friend the favor suggested.

A perfect glory leaped to Lexington's eyes. "Can you ask me what I would do? I would let her say all she would, because it would fairly intoxicate my senses to listen and then I would take her in my arms and seal my pardon with kisses, and no one should ever come between us again."

His voice fairly trembled with eagerness. Havelstock felt a possibility, for the instant, of defeat, but he kept his ground well. "You are the most generous man I eve

knew. You love well, Lexington."
"Generous? You call an act of justice gen-You think you measure my love by erous? an act like that? If you do, Frank, you haven't the remotest idea of how I worship my beautiful wife. Do you know, if I thought there was one chance in a thousand I'd cross that corridor to her room and go down on my knees to her and beseech her to love me?"

Lexington's splendid face was all aglow, and Havelstock had difficult work to effectually sustain his wrath, his fear.

"I admire such devotion; the woman is fortunate, indeed, who can inspire such. But, Lexington, I am sorry to feel it my duty to remind you of it; but you can hardly expe that, after years of silence, after the terrible way you wronged her regarding her first marriage, after the curt way you announced your arrival, you could hardly expect a woman of Georgia's spirit to act other than she did. She is proud enough to resent what she regards an insult; and, Lexington, for the honor of the family name, for the sake of your peace of mind, don't allow her pride to exceed yours. Resent her insult to you, humble her if ever she gives you a chance, and, my word for it when once she finds you are not the humble suppliant at her feet, she will yield readily. Is it possible you have made woman a study and do not know this?"

Lexington smiled faintly. "I have not made woman my study, Frank, except Georgia. I have thought, at times, perhaps it would be the true way to win her

"It is the only way. I have studied woman closely, and I venture to wager the successful end of this war between you will depend upon your generalship."

"If I thought it-if I knew it," Lexington said. slowly.

"Granted you don't know, will you tell me what you hope to gain by going on in this way? I desire greatly to see you and your wife on the right terms. I will use all my influence on both of you to bring about the desirable consummation, for your sake particularly."

He was so in esrnest, so kindly interested

and Lexington trusted him implicitly.
"I feel that I need advice," he went on, just a little sadly, "and you are the one to give it. I want you to answer me one question—one question, Frank, as truly as you know how, regardless of the pain the answer may give me. Will you?"

Havelstock started in half suspicious alarm.

What could Lexington mean? "You may depend upon a truthful answer

from me," he said, quietly.
"It is this—only this. Honestly, Frank, do you think Georgia cares for me—or—or is her heart buried with her former husband, Carleton Vincy, the father of her little dead baby?"

Havelstock drew a long breath of positive relief; then, with a perfectly simulated shadow of pain on his face, averted it slightly, then, the window, where he remained standing silently, with his back to his cousin.

The effect was produced precisely as Havel-His silence, his trying to stock had hoped. hide his true feelings, made an impression of vague anguish on Lexington.

Speak out, Frank; I know what you want to keep me from hearing-say it; I can stand

Then Havelstock turned sadly around. "I would have given a thousand dollars had you left that question unasked. I promised my answer, and I am a man of truth, whatever pain the truth costs me. Lexington, I know Georgia has ceased to care for you. had it from her lips not an hour ago. Do you wonder now at my advice? Oh, I dare not speak further. I can not, and Mrs. Lexington my hostess. Let me off, Lexington, I beg." He seemed terribly agitated, but Lexington

caught his arm, imperiously. What is it? probe deep, Frank; I will live

to thank you yet." His eyes fairly commanded the answer. His

face was ashen, and there was a shadow of a great woe on his splendid mouth.

"She is coming to you, soon, to make false protestations of penitence and affection. I could hardly understand her, in my horror of her duplicity, but she hopes to gain some end she has in view. I think she intends to work on your one weak point, your passion for herand then, to have her revenge at length. It sickens me, Lexington, I will not speak

further. He looked so pitifully, resolutely at the man

whom he had so smitter Lexington bowed his grand head, and staggered heavily to the nearest chair, while Hav-

elstock's eyes gloated evilly on him. He raised his face, presently, handsome haggard, proud and stony, as if hewn from marble

"I thank you for placing me where I can defend myself. I am proud, Frank, and I shall not forget who reminded me of it. Let her come, I will meet her as she deserves Will you go to your room now, and dress? There are some young people here who would be happy to have you join them at croquet, at five o'clock. I want to be alone. Frank, to ac custom myself to regard Georgia as the false designing creature I had learned her to be from your lips, that I can trust, if no one

else. And Havelstock went to his room, contenwith his first move.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SCORNED SACRIFICE. THAT day at dinner, Havelstock was introduced to the guests at Tanglewood, by Mr. Lexington, making, as he fully intended to make, a favorable impression on every one of them, and being himself particularly pleased with Ida Wynne, whose arch, merry eyes met his at the first glance, with a word of wonder-

ment in their depths. He was tenfold handsomer than his picture; and she noticed at the very first look she gave

him, how perfectly he was dressed, how courteous and unobtrusive his elegant manner was; and, with a half shy glance at Georgia, thought the chances had increased, that, possibly, this

was her fate.

Not that she was unwomanly, or reckles in her unbounded admiration of the man whose Spanish eyes had haunted her in his picture, ever since she and the other girls had een it in the album; only, she was an impressive, ardent, heart-whole girl, and Frank Hav elstock, with her prejudices in his favor, be orehand, was a shrewd, gallant, lady's man, who had learned to perfection, his art of captivating hearts.

They were a merry party that played croquet, or danced in the parlor, or promenaded in the park, that sweet summer night. Mr. Lexington was in a new mood, since his interview with Frank, and he had come down to dinner, firmly decided as to the course he intended to pursue. And that was, not to let Georgia imagine, for a moment longer, that the refusal of her love had power to make him miserable. So he laughed and talked, now with one, now with another; he played chess with Mrs. Hammond for his partner, turned the pages while Miss Reynolds played an opera, and then, when Ida Wynne declared Mr. Havelstock should give them the music for a redowa, he went over to Georgia, who was quietly chatting with Mr. Hammond, and asked her to dance with him, with as much elaborate, hollow-hearted politeness as the stranger of half on hour's acquaintance would have solicited the honor.

A second of dizzy, rapturous delight, when her eyes glanced timidly in his, that were simply raised in courteous expectation, and

Georgia gave him her hand, warm, trembling. He felt the slight thrill in her fingers, as his hand closed lightly, indifferently, over them; he noticed the dainty shrinking, for a second, of her form as his arm touched her waist, and he thought, bitterly, what a deep woman she was, thus to preface her later dramatic performances with these little touches that she intended,

doubtless, should strengthen her position.
While Georgia, trembling with ecstasy, excused him for not pressing her hand, or ing his arm more familiarly around her waist, because she had been so cruel, so cruel to him. It was right that she should sue to him, as she had promised herself to do, on the morrow.

So the night went on, every hour of which was further separating the husband and wife; every moment of which was bringing pinkest flushes of happiness to Ida Wynne's ch she met the undisguised admiration in Havelstock's eyes. At eleven, the little party broke and Havelstock bade Ida "good-night, and pleasant dreams of—" in such a way that her foolish, girlish heart bounded for an hour after she had gone to her room.

Every one had gone up-stairs but Georgia, and she, in the rush of her thoughts, was walking to and fro on the gleaming marble balcony, feeling that sleep would never visit her that night

She had looked wondrously fair that evening-she was saintly now, in the bright moonlight that fell, in one unbroken sheet of silver radiance, the full length of the piazza. Her dress was of black-a silken tissue, of

thick, heavy threads, that were lustrous and rich in texture. At the wide sleeves that fell back from the beautiful arm, were ruchings of snow-white blonde; at the neck, that was cut a trifle low in front, another filmy quilling, beneath which was a heavy golden chain of long, massive links, from which depended a large cross of diamonds-that matched the small crosses in her ears. Narrow gold bracelets clasped her arms; a wide, gold-colored sash was artistically draped from her waist; and in her splendid hair nestled a tiny blue lace bow, pinned fast to the lustrous braids by a round, button-like hair-pin of gold.

She had looked well, and she had wondered. more than once, if Theo had thought so. Now he had gone to his room, and she-she was waiting for the morrow with an impatient eagerness that lent a strange, love-lit glory to her blue eves.

She walked slowly to the furthest end of the long piazza, her hands clasped before her, her head drooped on her breast. She passed the barred windows of the silent, darkened parlors, and then, just as she came abreast the open door, Mr. Lexington stepped out. He re-

treated a step in surprise, then laughed.
"I had no idea I should see any one. It is so warm, and I am not used to such early

How grand he was! How sweet a charm he lent the simplest words he uttered! Georgia stood where she was, listening to his voice, al-

most hungrily. "We have become accustomed to so little dissipation at Tanglewood that eleven seems But I was indisposed to sleep to-night.'

She looked at him, shyly, as she said it.
"I hope you are not ill, Mrs. Lexington." said it with an elaborate courtesy that would have chilled her had her own heart been

less ardent. "I am not ill, Mr. Lexington; I am only-

only-She had almost made her confession, then aused, with a sudden shiver of doubting fear. Should she? dare she? why shouldn't she tell him, now-here-in the soft moonlight-in the silence of the summer night, whose influences might be so favorable?

A wild thrill of her passionate, yearning heart; a catching of her breath, and thenthen-she cast the die that settled her fate! "Theo I'

She uttered his name for the first time since his return; her voice was tremulously sweet, with a shy timidity in its low tones, blended with tenderest entreaty. Her fair face was turned to his own, and he saw a lovely, yet proud, imperiousness on its perfect features. A gust of sharp pain crossed his own face, so white and impassive in the moonlight; a heart-pang accompanied it, as he thought how fair and yet how false she was. The soft tones of her voice lingered almost pitifully on his ears; the only answer he gave was a slight inclination of his head, then a straight, steady look at her marvelously lovely face, with the thought how true a friend Frank Havelstock was always proving himself to be!

Georgia crossed the short distance that separated them, and laid her hand on his-her warm, vitalizing touch thrilling him from head to foot.

A sudden luminous light of passionate love beamed on her face so plainly that it heralded her words. He saw it, and above the stern, sharp discipline of himself, there leaped into his eyes such a heart-hungry, weary pain, that Georgia told herself she might unbare ner very

"Theo! Theo! I have been so wicked, and am so sorry! I am come to you, in such penitence, to ask you to forgive me and take me home to your heart! Oh, my husband, if you knew of all the pride I have conquered to take this step! If you dreamed, only, of how I love you, more, infinitely more this moment than even in our happiest days."

She was standing closely beside him now, her yearning eyes meeting his in an eloquence of passionful beseeching; her red lips parted, through which the tide of words had flowed; her fair white throat beating, her breast heav ing with the agitation of the moment.

"Georgia-All he said was the one word, her name, but the tone struck the deathliest chill to her heart. Was it among the possibilities that he vould deny her? The thought agonized herthis woman, who had endured silently for years and years; this woman to whom her husband's ove was her very existence, late as the revelation had come.

She suddenly released her hold of his hand, and, with a low, piteous cry, slid down on her knees at his feet, her glorious head bowed on her bosom, her hands clasped in mute humility.

"See—see, Theo Lexington, how I, your injured wife, humble myself before you, craving the love I never should ask for! I tell you l am suffering in spirit because I was so cruel to you—I tell you I am repentant—when I tell ou-oh, Theo! I love you! I love you so I can think of nothing else! I would die here, at your feet, to give you a moment's happiness! Won't you take me back again, and let us begin a new, blessed life?"

Lexington stood like a statue while she spoke, while she poured at his feet the libation of her woman's love. His eyes took in her rare beauty, his heart throbbed in answer to all she had said. He could barely restrain himself; it demanded the strongest power of self-control he ever had combated with, to refuse himself the bliss of taking her in his arms

for once, forever, nevermore to be parted. But, Frank Havelstock had predicted this; Frank, in his purely disinterested kindness had shown him the way to walk to avoid being made a silly dupe of by the woman to whom he had humbled himself, and been spurned, The memory of that scene would have faded forever in the glory of Georgia's eyes had ot he been so sure of Georgia's acting, in this instance-in such perfect, accordant harmony with what Frank had led him to ex-

So, with an overbrimming chalice of happi ness presented to his panting lips by Georgia's own hand, he turned away, in quiet, proud re-"You do right to sue for my pardon, and I

accord it freely, fully. Rise, Georgia, I beg. The floor is chilly. Georgia heard his reply in a strange, vague trance of amazed horror and despair.

Had he really spurned her-her? She arose, quivering with excitement; her eyes dilated in bewildered anguish, her hands lenched in bodily pain; from her face all its beautiful enthusiasm had faded, leaving her pallid to ghastliness.

"You—you refuse—me?" She gasped the words as if the full force of his conduct could hardly be believed.

"As you rejected me, I reject you. You have asked my pardon for spurning me this morning; you say nothing of your penitence for the treachery that, years ago, you commit-ted. You need not rave of love—that is dead and buried—a grave is between us of a verity. Not the grave of Carleton Vincy's child-but the tomb of slaughtered affection.

Her head was proudly erect now; her nos trils faintly quivered in the heat of her wounded pride, her mortified womanhood. When she retorted it was in a voice so icily clear and composed as to startle him, for the instant, by its contrast to her previous emo-

'I never shall forget this insult, never You are right; there is a grave between us, and each of us will live and die on opposite sides. But remember-remember, Mr ington, it is all over between us forever. When you repent of this hour-and repen you will-may a hundredfold of my anguish overwhelm you, and may you know what I know this moment—the despair of a broken

She tottered away, leaning on every chair or pillar she passed, until she gained the hall and went wearily to her room.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

Pacific Pete, The Prince of the Revolver.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR., AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," STONE JACK," ETC.

> CHAPTER XII. A LITTLE GAME OF "DRAW."

ABOUT noon, on that same day, Old Business declared his intention of paying Windy Gap a visit. Both Pike and Mark sought to dissuade him, declaring that it would be wors than folly to obtrude himself upon the notic of their enemies. We have seen how consis tent Mark was; but then he had an unusually fair excuse for contradicting himself.

You fellers don't look at the thing in a judgmatical light," quoth Old Business, quietly. "Who knows anythin' about our doin's, last night? Nobody 'cept the ones we licked in the fust place—an' you kin bet they won't squeel on tharselves-an' the pardners o' the boy I wiped out. They might git me lynched, fer revenge, but in doin' it they'd lose all chaince o' sharin' in my 'pocket'—so you see 'tain't no great resk I run, a'ter all."

Whether he really placed faith in this rather dubious safeguard or not, Old Business entered Windy Gap with the careless ease of one who has nothing to fear. If he noticed the gaunt figure of Hank Hurley shadowing him, he made no sign.

What his object was in entering the town, can only be surmised. He stopped at the Metropolitan Hotel and took a drink at the bar, leisurely surveying the half a dozen cus tomers who were lazily lounging around the rusty, cold stove, discussing the opening night at the Golden Horn. Neither the subject nor the talkers appeared to have any interest for

the old hunter, and paying for his drink, he

strolled down the crooked street. After a rapid but close scrutiny of Pacific Pete's building-now closed, even to the heavy wooden shutters-Old Business entered the Hole in the Wall. Apparently the Sabbath day never crossed that threshold. Though undoubtedly it was a day of rejoicing for "Orleans Jess"—the dark, quadroon look ing keeper—it certainly was not one of rest.
Not only the sports of Windy Gap, but many miners from claims for miles around, congregated here every Sabbath day, to enjoy a drunk." and to double or lose their week's

earnings across the poker-table. "The sweet-scentedest crowd I've struck sence I 'tended church in St. Louey!" approvingly remarked Old Business, taking a leisurely survey of the assembly. "Gentlemen, this is me-Old Business in a minnit, you bet! The purp who's jest struck it richer 'n ary other whelp in ten counties! Step up an'

nominate your pizon. I b'long to the church, but I'm goin' to git drunker 'n a b'iled owl this deal, you kin jest go your pile on that !" Many a more polished address has been de-

livered, but certainly none more successful than this. As one man the crowd advanced, the majority caring only for getting a free drink, but a few interchanged rapid but intelligible glances, as the ragged hunter drew forth a heavy pouch of golden nuggets and "beans," bidding Orleans Jess help himself.

"You're new to these parts, I reckon, stranger?" observed Vinegar Sol, a tall, sharpfaced man in a rakish hat and flashy suit of

"Not edzactly. I was here when Dick's Pocket was fust struck. I lost sight of a pard, an' tuck in this run, thinkin' mebbe he'd follered the big rush. His name in the States was Dick Austin—a tall, fine-lookin' critteryou'd take 'im fer a gospel-slinger at fust sight, he was so 'ligious."

"There has been no reward offered for information concerning his whereabouts, I dare say," half inquired a little red-faced manthe same whom the reader may have remark ed on the occasion rendered memorable by the little argument" between Pacific Pete and Big Tom Noxon.

Not that I knows on, but-" and Old Business produced from the depths of his rags a nugget of almost virgin gold, nearly the size of a hen's egg. "You see this? I'll give that to the critter who kin tell me anythin' sartin 'bout my man."

I claim the reward, then," eagerly cried the "bummer," his eyes sparkling. spoke of Dick's Pocket a moment since. your friend was the discoverer-"

"You don't mean-"But I do. Gospel Dick we all called him, ecause he was never seen without a Bibleand he delivered some excellent sermons, too. Then he was robbed and lost his mind—be came a lunatic, in fact, and roamed far and wide, searching for the man who had murdered him (that's just the way he expressed it) and stolen his gold. You know how he discovered the 'big pocket'—but he was dead when found. Very likely he never knew that he was dying upon a bed of almost solid

"But the proof-how kin I tell that this is

my pard?" I knew him before his injury-I saw him before he was buried, and was allowed to keep this key-check as a memorial of my departed friend," replied the bummer, handing Old Business a small silver check, bearing the name, "J. R. Austin," then adding: "My name is Horace Walpole Dobbs. You can ask any of these gentlemen as to my veracity

They all know me." "You kin trust him in anythin', stranger, cept whar whisky is consarned," testified Or

Old Business passed the nugget over to Horace Walpole Dobbs, without a word. There was a grave shade upon his usually rollicking face that evidenced how keenly the information had touched him. The miners and "sports" noticed this fact, and with a consideration scarcely to be expected, returned to their respective tables and resumed their

play.

But the old hunter was not one to long re main bowed down, and his face soon resumed its wonted look of reckless good-nature, as he strolled around the poker-tables, now com-menting upon a hand—of course after the deal was over-and interspersing his remarks with queer expressions that caused all anger at his criticisms to vanish before a hearty laugh, now watching the game in silence.

"You 'pear to be pritty well posted on the pasteboards, old man," at length remarked Vinegar Sol, who, by-the-by, had been playing a miserable hand ever since Old Business came in. "Ef you're good on the draw a you air on the talk, I reckon you'd be a tough cuss at poker. Yit I don't mind tryin' ye a

turn or two, jest to pass the time." "Young man, look whar ye gwine," responded Old Business, with a ludicrous nasa twang. "The trail afore ye is crookeder'n the horns o' a ten-year-old ram, an' kivered all 'long with sand burrs, nettles, prickly p'ars, an' pizon tarantulers o' 'tarnal death a-waitin' to ketch you by the heel an' tote you down to the kitchen whar fire an' brimstone s plentier nor crawlin' critters on a Ute buck. Pent, sinner, 'pent -- 'pent afore the devil calls' ye, fer then it'll be too late. You never ketch him holdin' less 'n four aces, wi hafe a dozen more safe in the crook o' his tail ready in case you ring in a' 'Arkansaw deck' on 'im. Whar's the use in buckin' ag'inst a critter as is al'ays shore to overdraw ye? Ye boun' to lose—an' what then? Oh! you pore mizzable sinner-you blind, two-legged shole o' moral raggedness which don't got no more sense than to keep a-rootin' 'long the trail which leads down to never come back ag'inlook on this picter, an' then ax me ag'in to ine you. You boun' to lose-what then? What does the good book say? Don't it say the devil 'll jump your claim? Jest think how ye'll feel down thar—you settin' on a sharp-p'inted stone which is white hot, a-eat in' b'ilin' brimestone with a red-hot scoopshovel, while the boss devil stan's over ye, 'casionally stirrin' ye up wi' his forty-tined pitchfork! How's that fer high, anyhow?"

"Ef you wasn't so powerful ugly, durned if I wouldn't bet big money on your being a woman, your tongue runs so pesky nimble, retorted Vinegar Sol. "But what say? You ain't afeard to take a little turn at 'draw?'

'Me afeard? You don't know me, bossnot much! Thar's only one 'bjection. I'm little old lightnin' on the draw-I'm sure to bu'st every critter I play with. Can't help it the keerds will run that-a-way, anyhow. It's good enough for me, but, somehow, t'other fellows don't like it so well. That makes hard feelin's, ye see-'

"What a feller wins in these parts I reckor he's fa'rly 'titled to," grinned Vinegar Sol. "Ef we win, good enough; but ef we lose we ain't the boys to squeal-not much!"

"You're the kind I like to meet, pard-but you'll play kinder light at fust, won't ye? Don't run the old man too hard?" quietly said Old Business, taking a seat at the table on the side opposite the door.

A four-handed party was quickly made up, and the bystanders interchanged smiles of keen amusement as the game opened. Vinegar Sol, Keno Dan and Billy Breeze had, for years, divided the honors of being the "boss poker players" in the Valley Mines. Yet, as the game progressed the match seemed more even. Either Old Business possessed a power of manipulating the cards little short of marvelous, or else, as he said, he was a prime favorite of fortune. Though in reality it was a match of three players against one, the pile of gold lying before the old man seemed never to shrink beneath its first dimensions, while it was often more than double its first value. The bystanders were enthusiastic. Never before had they witnessed such a perfect exposi-tion of the beauties of "draw." But the game

was to end without either party gaining a de-

cisive victory.

A quick, firm tread at the door drew all eyes in that direction, and the crowd silently made way before the bar. The new-comer was Pacific Pete, and his white, hard-set face, his glittering ey's and compressed lips, be-tokened a dangerous mood. He took a quick survey of the crowd, then, in a sharp voice, ordered, rather than requested them to join

Pacific Pete was not a man to be lightly refused at any time, much less now, when he was already "boiling over," as the expression was already "boiling over," as the expression runs. He had just come down from the hills, where Mark Austin had so coolly bluffed

At the entrance Old Business looked up, then pulled the shabby hat further over his eyes, and when his comrades arose in haste he was still quietly running over his cards. "You heard me invite all hands?" sharply

"I pass, pard," quietly replied Old Business, never raising his head. "I b'long to the church—can't drink on Sunday." "And yet you play poker—what 're you giving us, old man? Come, be sociable; you'd

added Pacific Pete.

better join us." There was a sharp, metallic ring in his voice, that made the crowd instinctively draw aside, leaving a clear space between the two.

"Thank ye, kindly, fri'nd, but I ain't on it to-night.' "I think you'd better join us!" and a double click accompanied the words, as Pacific Pete

drew a revolver. Old Business raised his head sharply and pushed back his slouched hat. The light shone full upon his countenance, and the gamblers started as they observed the change. It was as though a mask had suddenly been torn from

With a sharp cry Pacific Pete shrunk back as though he had been dealt a mortal wound. ick leap and he left the room.

"The critter looked sick-reckon the cramps tuck 'im," quoth Old Business, calmly, as he sat shuffling the cards.

CHAPTER XIII. "WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOR?"

MARK AUSTIN'S reception by Eli Brand was anything but cordial—was, in truth, almost insulting, as he ordered Edna to her room. At any other time Mark probably would have retorted in a manner more striking than agree able; but now, though his finger itched and his cheek flushed, he bowed politely and passed into the bar-room. In some cases the best safeguard a man has is a pretty daughter.

Mark appropriated one of the heavy, straight-backed wooden chairs, and, leaning against the dingy, smoke-stained wall, lighted his pipe. Thirsty mortals passed in and out, but their coarse talk and loud voices did not disturb the young miner. A faint smile played around his lips, and a soft light filled his eyes.

That he was thinking of Edna Brand may be accepted as a fact. It was wonderful how accurately he could recall every word of their conversation together. But the words that he remembered most distinctly were these, spoken just before they entered Windy Gap: "I will be at the deadwood tree next Sunday, or, if anything prevents, I will send you

a note in time. The dingy lamps had been burning for over an hour, night had descended upon Windy Gap when Mark Austin was aroused from his reverie by the sound of his name.

Glancing quickly up he saw a gigantic figure leaning across the bar, in conversation with the keeper. As the latter nodded across the room the giant turned quickly, and Mark Austin recognized the huge negro who had acted as doorkeeper at the Horn of Plenty. "Your name Massa Mark Austin, sah?" asked the negro, as he stepped forward, re-

spectfully uncovering his round, bullet head. "That's my name—yes. What's wanted?"
"Dis yer letter meant for you, sah. You With these words, which sent the hot blood leaping into the young miner's face, the negro

produced a tiny note, carefully enveloped in a bit of white silk. Mark gazed curiously upon the inscription, written in a delicate running hand, the paper exhaling a subtle, delicious perfume. The

name was his, and, satisfied at length that there was no mistake, Mark broke the seal. MARK AUSTIN, Esq.:—
"Dear Sir;—Please suspend judgment until you
lear my reasons for thus addressing you—almost
un entire stranger. Believe me, they will prove a

icient excuss.

Will you kindly grant me a brief interview? I not rest until I set myself right in your estimation. You promised me my revenge last night, tead, grant me this favor—believe me, 'twill not he forgotten. The bearer—trustworthy in every respect—will conduct you to me. "In true friendship,

could bring himself to believe there was no mistake. Then he turned to the negro and asked: 'You are sure this note was intended for

Mark read the note twice over before he

ISABELLA,

"Yes sah. Missee p'inted you out when you kem up de street wid lady. She say she got'tickler business wid dat gemman-meanin' you, massa.

"It sounds honest enough," muttered Mark, half aside, "and I have more than one enemy, It may be a snare-look here, it seems. friend, I'll go with you, but no tricks on travelers, mind." You t'ink it a trick, massa, me go tell

Missee Bella you t'ink she settin' trap fo' you," quietly replied the black. "Easy, boy-don't be quite so impatient. Your mistress is the lady I saw at the Horn of

Plenty, last night.' The black nodded assent. Though scarcely less puzzled than before, Mark quickly decided to follow the adventure up and see what was beneath it. At his motion, the black led the way along the street, and respectfully held the door of the Golden Horn open for Mark. Passing through the vesstibule, across the now deserted and gloomy gambling room, and touching a secret spring in the wall, the black spoke for the first time since leaving the

hotel. "Massa, please go up dem sta'rs, turn de knob o' de do' on de left, den enter. Missee Bella say she wait dar."

In obedience to the spring, a narrow door glided open, until then ingeniously concealed, a narrow flight of carpeted stairs were revealed, and after a momentary hesitation Mark slowly ascended them, despite the cold chill that crept over his frame as the secret door closed behind him with a muffled click. Yet, knowing that retreat was cut off, Mark kept a hand upon his ready revolver, halfexpecting to behold some blood-thirsty enemy burst through the wall at every step. If no treachery was intended, why so much mys-

The dim light of the hanging lamp revealed

PARURDAY AUNBINAUS-E----

graceful figure clad in somber black—and then strong hands closed upon the brush shanty, tearing it apart, flinging the poles, the brush in a pile into which several blazing torches were thrust.

Such was the scene that met the startled gaze of Old Business as he paused upon the

"The devil's to pay now, shore enough!" he muttered, a shade of indecision settling upon his brow. "Them's Windy Gapers—I kin make out Pacific Pete an' that Eli Brand, as he calls hisself. They're jest more'n red-hot—what in thunder kin be up, anyhow? They mean business—that's plain, an' I reckon it's jest as well we wasn't none o' us to home when they called. Shouldn't wonder of they was mean enough to rake up that little muss t'other night, though we only fit in self-defense. Ha! thar goes that pesky Brand-what's he tryin to git through 'im, anyway?"

Eli Brand had sprung upon a convenient bowlder, and in a loud voice commanded at-tention. The wild tumult was in a measure quelled, and the rough crowd gathered around as though eager to hear the promised speech.

"Gentlemen-one word with you. Some of you asked for proof. That was well enough. It is always best to be sure we are right, in such cases. Look around you—is there not proof enough before your eyes? These men were here this morning—where are they now? Gone—ay! and in such haste that they have left their tools behind them! That is proof enough to convict a thousand, I can—" "Lie like the devil -I don't know what you-

're talkin' 'bout, Eli Brand—sence that's the name you go by jest now—but I know you're a dog-gone double an' twisted lie!

Eli Brand stared in open-mouthed amazement at this unceremonious interruption, and despite his being surrounded by a strong force of friends, he visibly quailed as he recognized in the audacious speaker, Old Business.

The old hunter had rapidly descended the hillside, and paused within two-score yards of the excited crowd. Leaning carelessly against a bowlder that guarded all save his head and shoulders, his rifle resting before him, ready for instant use, Old Business gazed placidly down upon the mob of Windy Gapers. The glow of the bonfire clearly revealed him to the angry eyes below, and a wild yell of execration followed his recognition.
"Kill him—cut his heart out—put him in

the fire an' roast 'im ontel he 'fesses!' Such were a few of the fierce exclamations

that followed the characteristic speech of Old Business, but he never flinched before the storm, nor even seemed to notice it, except by ning a revolver.

"Easy, thar, boys—kinder easy! 'Tain't healthy to git so awful red-hot—ye're bound to ketch cold a'terwards. You little cuss in the ragged shirt—drap that weepin! Don't ye got no manners a-tall? D' y' want me to plug ye?"
Old Business flung forward his rifle, and it

emed as though a tragedy must inevitably follow. Doubtless such would have been the case only for the prompt interference of Pacific Pete, who boldly sprung between the level ed weapons before either could be discharged

"Stand back, Barton-and you, old man, if you really value your life, you will be a little less hasty. Please remember that we hold the winning hand just now, and govern yourself accordingly. You understand?"

"I've hearn you talk afore to-day, laddy-I hold better keerds than you think, mebbe. But go on with your camp-meetin'. Le's hear what all this rumpus is about, anyhow; time enough fer our little game a'terward.

"You really pretend not to know what we are after here?" cried Pacific Pete, and if his surprise was not genuine, it proved him an admirable actor.

"I ain't one o' the pretendin' sort. Old Business is my name, an' business is my natur', too, chuck up; you hear me talk! 'F I knowed what you war a'ter. I wouldn't ax. You're tryin' some sort o' skin-game, but that's step. all I do know."

What have you done with Miss Edn Brand-where have you hidden her? you and your comrades in crime!" sharply cried Pacific

For a moment Old Business stood like one petrified, his mouth and eyes wide open. He could scarce believe his ears. Like many a better organized court, the mob of Windy Gapers misinterpreted his surprise, and believed it conscious guilt. Again their wild yell filled the air, sounding along the valleys, reverberating from point to point—the deadly, merciless

'Yelp on, ye 'tarnal screech-owls o' perdition-ye two-legged, bob-tailed curs o' the free-lunch route—squeel on untel ye split your muzzles an' bu'sts yer b'ilers! It's on'y one man you're skyugling at, but he's a whale on crutches-he's a two-legged pepper-box; one smell at 'im, and you'll sneeze tell you blow your brains out! Them's me—little Old Business in a minnit—you bet!"

"Mount 'im! why don't ye jist climb him?" yelled Barton, a little, ragged miner, whose courage decidedly shamed that of some of his larger comrades, only Pacific Pete held his revolver hand, firmly.

"Mount me—the ontamed mule o' the Rockies, the cavortin' jackrabbit, the greentailed squeegee, who was foaled by a yairth-quake, an' sired by old Harry Cane, hisself! Whar's the man so owdacious, the two men, the half dozen or more two legged bedbugs as dar' 'tempt to ride me?"

"The galoot is clean gone crazy!" cried one

of the crowd, disgustedly.
"'Pent, sinner, 'pent!" twanged forth Old
Business, who, though, still holding himself in readiness to play the part of a man, if worst came to worst, knew full well that the first shot or blow dealt, would undoubtedly preve his death-warrant. "'Pent, sinners, 'pent? You's gwine on the lightnin' 'spress to the devil, whar they feed ye on b'llin' brimstone with scoop-shovels. Now's your chaince; this is the 'cepted time. You, Hank Hurley, drap that; drap it, I tell ye, or I'll send ye bughuntin'!

'Hold! peace, I say; I command it!" screamed Pacific Pete, leaping upon a bowlder, and drawing a revolver. "I'm running this injust now, and I tell you, the first man that burns a grain of powder, or strikes a blow until I give the word, had better say his prayers beforehand, for I'll kill him,

if it's the last act of my life!" "Good enough, boss. I didn't think you'd go back on a old pard, when the pinch kem, no, I didn't," coolly observed Old Business, with a broad grin.

"My advice to you, old man, is to put a bridle on your tongue, and not bray so loud. It's bad for the health—just now in particular. You understand me?"

I mought, banty, if you'd speak plainer. I reckon you've got me a little mixed up 'ith some other feller. I'm a powerful exhorter, when my bellers is fresh iled up, an' when I come to 'late my 'speri'nce—thar's whar I down the slope, their worst passions fully crout. Mebbe he's hed trouble—all hell's afoot

makes the wool fly. F'r instunce; fifteen y'ar

ago, more or less, in Saint Louey—"
"Enough; drop that nonsense, or by all that's good! I'll give the word to tear the chattering tongue from your jaws! We haven't come here for idle talk; we mean business. Come down here and answer our questions. you can prove your innocence, you shall not be harmed—I give you my word of honor."

"Stake's too big for the scurity, boss," chuckled Old Business, with an audacity that made Big Tom Noxon stare aghast. "F it's all the same to the honorable comp'ny, this coon 'll keep his posish, jest whar he is. Now.

go on with your rat-killin'."
"You'll not gain anything by being insolent, let me tell you, old man. But have your way. We can reach you as easily where you are, if need be. Eli Brand, state your case."

Brand stepped forward, and some of the men flung fresh brushwood upon the fire, so that the bright glow plainly revealed the peculiar

"I accuse this man, and his confederates-Mark Austin, and Lafe Pike—of abducting my daughter, Edna Brand!" distinctly uttered the man, and a sullen roar of angry vengeance came from the crowd, deadly and vindictive enough to have cowed many a bold heart; but Old Business didn't change countenance, as he

"Eli Brand, you lie wuss than you did in the year '50, when Gospel Dick was—found. But go on. Le's hear the rest on it; then I'll speak."
"Frank Hurley is my witness," muttered

Brand, in a hoarse, strained voice, as he slunk back from the fire. "Speak up, man, and tell what you know about it," sharply cried Pacific Pete, as the

dark-browed ruffian advanced. "It's short an' sweet, boss. Hellow, Black Jack, whar'd you come from?" he cried, as that

worthy put in an appearance, having, like Old Business, been attracted thither by the tumult "But I was sayin'; this evenin', I was out takin a walk for my health. Fact is, I'd bin drunker'n a b'iled owl, the night afore-"Stick to the text; cut it short, friend,"

cried Pacific Pete.

"Edzactly. I was walkin' on the hill, north o' town, when I sighted the lady, Miss Brand. At that minnit, when I was lookin' at her, three or nary galoots lepped out o' the bresh an' corraled her. I giv' a yell, an' made for 'em, but like a fool, I'd left my weepins at the shanty, while they was well heeled. They burned some powder; sp'iled my hat, hyar, any how; an' knowin' they over-held me, I cut for town a'ter help." cut for town, a'ter help."

You say I was with 'em, smarty?" "Yes; you an' Gentleman Mark, an' Long Pike. I kin take my Bible oath on it!" declared

"Bout what time was this?"

"Just afore sundown. But I didn't come hyar to answer your questions, old snoozer!" "I reckon you've answered enough. You kin squat down, pritty. You, Black Jack, stan' up thar; you're my witness. Stan' up thar, onless you want some more jim-jams. Now, you tell these gentlemen that we three men, as you accuse o' gal-stealin,' was right thar in that shanty, ontil full sunset. You know it. You was watchin' us from the top o'

that rock yender. Speak out."
"'Tis a darned lie; I wasn't!" muttered
Black Jack. "But s'posin' I was! you killed Devil's Frank, anyhow, an' right hyar's whar you planted his karkidge!"

This flerce announcement was the last straw.
The mob burst all bonds, then. Yelling, and screaming, they made a mad rush toward Old Business. But he was no less quick. Crack, crack! his revolver quickly followed the report of his rifle, and Black Jack uttered a horrible yell of agony as he fell back, shot dead, and beside him quivered Hank Hurley, the foresworn witness, a bullet through his heart.

With a taunting laugh, Old Business fled up the hill, closely followed by the yelling, infuriated mob, whose pistols popped at every

A RACE FOR HIGH STAKES.

"Now, legs, do your duty; them fellers mean business, you bet!" These words broke almost unconsciously from the lips of Old Business, as he momentarily paused upon the crest of the hill, and glanced keenly back toward Dick's Pocket

The blazing brush-heap cast its lurid light over the scene. Over the picturesque rocks and crags, over the two blood-stained bodies lying there so still and motionless, their painlistorted features rendered doubly repulsive by the flickering shadows, and ruddy glow of the firelight. Over the swarm of yelling, cursing, infuriated men, as they scramble up the steep hillside, their progress marked by the quick puffs of flame-tinted smoke. And the sharp reports of firearms rattle and rever-

berate through the hills. One man fleeing from full two score; one man fighting for life and liberty; two score men thirsting for his blood.

Truly, it is a race for high stakes. In that swift, backward glance, Old Business read enough for his purpose. He laughed half scornfully, as a bullet whistled past his ear, with that peculiar ragged hum imparted to a bit of soft lead, when forced through a deepgrooved bore. Knowing right well, how very few are the men capable of shooting by moon light, even at a stationary target, he felt little fear of being picked off, unless by a chance shot. Fleetness of foot, skillful doubling and dodging must decide the race.

Despite the odds against him, Old Business was perfectly cool and collected. No man knew better than he how essential it was for him to "keep his head"—to take advantage of every point, to decide on the instant and exe-

cute promptly. After that one rapid but comprehensive glance, the fugitive turned abruptly to the right, running lightly down the ridge, dodging round bowlders and trees, leaping over holes and bushes, running in silence, with an ease and smoothness, as it were, vastly different

from the yelling, panting mob behind him. He followed the ridge for quite half a mile His pursuers were by this time pretty well strung out in his rear, though several were close at his heels. Since making that abrupt turn Old Business had headed direct for Windy Gap, but he smiled grimly as he read aright the exultant yells of his pursuers. He had no intention of running into a trap-not he.

Putting on a spurt, Old Business darted ahead at a terrific rate, descending the slight slope at breakneck speed. This slope, together with a corresponding rise, near a hundred yards beyond, had given the ridge its name, Swayback."

When he reached the lowest point of the depression, Old Business sprung rapidly aside and prostrated himself beneath a clump of bushes, trusting to remain unobserved in the deep shadow.

One after another his pursuers came dashing

aroused by the protracted race. One by one they passed by the covert of the panting fugitive and darted up the incline, doubtless fancying some of the fantastic shadows beyond was their anticipated victim, instead of the weird creations of the moonlight shimmering through the redwood and cedar trees.

"Go it, ye sinners," muttered Old Business "A look at the back is the best part o' sech or'nary critters as you—glory to Moses! sweet Corneille!"

A man, who was descending the slope with more speed than prudence, lost control of him-self, and "left his feet," in more than one sense, when nearly opposite the clump of bushes behind which the old hunter lay.

Tripping, he plunged heavily forward, much as a diver takes a "header," and crashed through the clump of bushes, alighting fairly on the back of Old Business. Two of the miners who had been close behind the unfortunate yelled out something as they passed by, but did not stop, evidently fearing to lose time, lest they should also lose the chance of being in at the death.

For a moment or two Old Business was conused and half stunned. The blundering miner had fallen heavily upon him, driving his head forward into the soft earth, filling both eyes and mouth. Rebounding, the miner had rolled off several feet, and was now trying to yell curse and regain his breath at one and the same time.

This curious combination of sounds, more than aught else, restored Old Business' cool decision. Fearing that some of the straggling pursuers would pause to investigate the cause of the uproar, he scrambled forward and knelt astride the kicking, squirming figure, clutching his neck with both hands, his sinewy fingers abruptly checking the spluttering yells and

"Shet up, ye pesky reptile!" gritted Old Business, retaining his seat despite the convulsive kickings and struggles of the blundering miner. "Don't ye got no more manners then to make sech a dog gone owdacious rum-puss 'bout nothin'? D'y' want to 'larm the hull kentry-bring out the fire-ingines an' wake up the p'lice? Shet up—I'll squeedge ye into the middle o' next week! Ye won't, eh? I reckon ye'd better—yas, I do so!"

his power, and lay motionless as a log on top of his luckless captive, for he heard more of in the appended table: his pursuers plunging down the hillside. It was a critical moment, but fortunately the captive was choked into submission, if not insensibility, and the heavy footed miners passed by, unsuspecting how narrowly they

were missing their prey.
Old Business lost no time in dragging his prisoner back to the clump of bushes, and, when once there, relaxed his fierce grip in time to avoid murdering the man, though still in readiness to cut short any attempt at an alarm.

"It's you, is it, banty?" he muttered, peer ing keenly into the miner's face. "The little cuss Pacific Pete called Barton. You wanted to shoot me back thar, too, didn't ye! Wa'al, I've got ye now. What shell I do wi' ye? What 'd ye do ef you was in my rlace?"

"I'd blow your brains out—though that 'd be too good a death fer a or'nary gal-stealer like you," growled little Barton, whose courage was by no means to be measured by his body.
"Jess so—ef I was that critter. But I ain't, pard—no. I ain't got so low, quite. You needn't b'lieve me—I don't s'pose ye would, even ef I was to sw'ar to it—but this hull busi-

ness is a put-up job on us fellers, by Pacific Pete and that Brand feller, 'cause they think we know'd too much for the good o' thar health. You'll find'em out afore long. Mebbe it'll l'arn you a lesson not to b'lieve what every fool says—"
"I don't—so you mought as well cheese it."

"You're sharp—sharp as soft soap, an' twict as nasty! 'Twouldn't be safe fer you to run 'round loose. Fer the good o' mankind, reckon I'd better put a muzzle on ye. Don't like to—no, I don't. You'll get mad, mebbe, an' cuss me. That 'd hurt my feelin's powerful.

While talking Old Business was not idle. He knew that his ruse might be discovered at any moment, when the crowd would probably take the back track, or else scatter and search the range thoroughly in hopes of stumbling upon his hiding place or across his trail Rapid flight, then, would be his best safeguard. But first Barton must be disposed of. At no time a bloodthirsty man, Old Business would have risked his life twice over rather than injure his captive, whose bold words had strongly interested him.

"I'm sorry, but it cain't be helped," he muttered quietly, as with his knife he unceremoniously cut several strips from the miner's dilapidated breeches. "Your rig is a good summer suit—light an' airy; it's a pity to spile 'em. But what kin I do! Ye see, I'm 'vited to a big-bug ball, an' 'twouldn't do fer me to spile my dress suit. Thar-open your mouth I don't want to squeedge ye, but ef I must —so! Don't it taste nice? Waal, that's your fault-should wash 'em of'ener. However, dirt's healthy-jest think o' thet an' 'twen't taste hafe so bad. Thar! you're fixed up sniptious, ef I do say it. You're a lucky cuss, you be! Jest think! All you've got to do is to lay hyar, like a bump on a log, ontel you git tired—an' as much longer as you like. You don't hey to work, nur to drink, nur eat nur do nuthin' but lay still an' do nuthin'. Mebbe I'll call on ye, in a week or so, ef I don't

fergit it. Ef I should, you jist holler an' let me know." Leaving Barton bound, gagged, and perfectly helpless, Old Business picked up his weapons and glided silently down the hill. He felt no compunctions at leaving his captive in this way, knowing full well that some of his friends would assuredly find and release him, when they came to search for the lost trail by daylight.

After breaking his trail thoroughly in the creek, Old Business lit out for the appointed rendezvous at his best gait, knowing that Pike and Mark would be uneasy at his long delay.

Indistinct mutterings fell from his lips;

rague allusions to Pacific Pete, Eli Brand and Edna—he seemed greatly troubled. Little wonder. Were this false accusation generally believed, that section of the country would be made too hot for them. Only speedy flight could save them-capture meant a sudden and ignominious death.

The night was far spent when Old Business reached the rendezvous, and his signal was promptly responded to. But what was his astonishment when Lafe Pike alone greeted him. Where was Mark?

"Don't know," replied Pike. "Hain't see'd hair nor hide o' him sence we left the shanty. He hain't bin hyar-that's sartin. I hed the shortest trail, an' he couldn't 'a' out-traveled Ef he'd 'a' come, I'd 'a' hearn him. Mebme. be he mistook the place?"

"'Tain't likely. I told him 'stinctly the peint whar Tanglefoot run into Little Sourto night!" and he hurriedly explained what the club was organized. Secondly, to the good had transpired at Dick's Pocket. "S'pose they've Letched him?" faltered

Pike, uneasily.
"Ef they hev, an' hurt comes to the lad, thar'll be lively doin's in these diggin's, you hear me! The cusses 'll hev more business on thar hands than they kin 'tend to-that's swored to!"

"You kin count me in," slowly said Pike. I knowed the lad's folks in the East—afore my troubles-an' won't go back on him.

Seems like he was my own child!" "I thought I could count on you, old man,'

was the hunter's only reply. The hours wore slowly by. The moon sunk behind the hills, and the darkness that heralds the coming dawn settled over the earth. lent and motionless the two men waitedwaited for the comrade whom fate had decreed should never keep the rendezvous-for the signal his lips were fated never to utter. (To be continued—commenced in No. 296.)

Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL. THE professional season of 1875 terminated n Saturday, October 30th, and in one respect t was the most successful known in the annals of professional play, inasmuch as the display made by the leading clubs in the several de-partments of the game, viz.: pitching, batting, fielding and base-running, surpassed everything of the kind seen in any season since base-ball was inaugurated. The first match of the season in the championship arena was played April 19th, and the last on October 30th, the Boston club being the first and the last club to win, the first game with the New Havens by 6 to 0, at New Haven, and the last with the Hartfords by 7 to 4, at Boston. Thirteen clubs entered for the pennant in April, 1875, but only seven were able to complete their legal quota of six games with each other, out of the series of ten they had to play at the commence-ment of the season. The clubs whose games will be counted by the Championship Old Business compressed his fingers with all mittee, and the games they have played with

in the appended table:								
CLUBS.	Boston	Athletic	Hartford	St. Louis	Philadelp'e	Chicago	Mutual	Games wo.
BostonAthletic	2	8	9 3	7 6	6 8	8 7	10	48
Hartford	1 2	4		5	4 5	6	8	28
St. Louis		1 2	5	.:	5	5	8	26
Philadelphia	0 2	1	4	5 5	3	7	20	20
Mutual	ő	3	2	0	5	3		13
Games lost	7	19	27	28	21	26	27	185

By the above it will be seen that the Bostons lead by a majority of sixteen games, the Athletics leading the Hartfords for second place by four games, and the Hartfords the St. Louis for third place by two games, the

Mutuals being last on the list. The full record of all the games played in the championship arena during 1875 by all the clubs which were entered on the first of May, is as follows. This does not include tie games or those forfeited, but simply the games won and lost in actual play from April 19th to Oc tober 30th inclusive:

	-	-	-		-		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	
CLUBS.	Buston	Athletic	Hartford	St. Louis	Philadelphia	Chicago	Mutual	New Haven	Red Stockings.	Washington	Centennial	Atlantic	Western	Games won
Boston Athletic Hartford St. Louis Philadelphia Chicago Mutual New Haven Red Stocking, Washington Centennial Atalatic Western	21202010000	8 .4 1 2 1 1 3 0 0 1 0 0	93 .: 54442100000	765 .550100000	6845	87657.3100000	100688823	5782424 04120	103214200001	554320012 .000	5 2 1 0 3 0 2 0 0 0 0	67 10 2 7 2 7 1 0 0 0 0	10004041020000	71 53 54 39 37 30 27 10 4 4 2 2 1
Games lost	8	20	28	29	31	37	38	39	14	22	13	42	12	334

By this it will be seen that the Boston team eads by 18 games, the Hartfords being second by one game, and the Athletics third by 14 games. The Centennial club disbanded in May, the Westerns in June, and the Washingtons in July. The New Havens failed to play their quota of six games with the St. Louis. Mutual, Chicago and Atlantic clubs, and the Atlantics failed to play their quota with the St. Louis, Chicago and New Haven clubs, and thereby the whole list of games played by those clubs are thrown out of the record by

the championship code of rules. It will be seen also that the Hartfords played nine games more than the Athletics did; they therefore had a better opportunity to win more games. From April 19th to June 5th the ca reer of the Red Stockings, of Boston, was one of uninterrupted success, victory after victory being recorded, until they counted twenty-six won games and none lost. The first club to spoil this record was the St. Louis nine, which team on June 5 defeated the Reds by 5 to 4 in St. Louis. Three days afterward the Reds were taken into camp at Chicago to the tune of 2 to 0 by the White Stockings, and from that time the fight for the pennant became less one-sided than before, as it was shown that the Reds were not as invincible as they were thought to be. At one time the Athlet ics began to pull up to closer quarters with the Reds, but characteristically the latter rallied in brilliant style in the closing months of the campaign, and finally came out victorious

THE CHAMPIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

During April they won four games and lost none. In May they won twenty-one games In June they won thirteen and lost none. games and lost three. In July they won eleven and lost one. In August they won but five games and lost two. In September they won eight and lost but one; and in October they won ten games and lost one. This leaves a total of seventy-one victories, with but eight defeats, a record unprecedented in the annals of the Professional Association. Their record in won and lost games—not including forfeited games—is as follows:

Fames played.... 10 10 12 10 9 7 6 6 5 5 1 1 82

The success of the Boston club is due mainly to the fact that they have employed none but honest and reliable men in their team since

judgment displayed in their club manage ment, whereby Harry Wright is empowered to control and manage the team without interference; thirdly, to the fact that the same nine, with but few changes, have played together eases a few courses, have played together eases and the course of the course gether season after season; and lastly, because they have been the best disciplined and most harmonious team in the arena each season. Not a player of the Boston nines of the past five seasons has ever been suspected of unfair or "crooked" play. No suspected men—no matter what their ability—will be admitted to the Boston club. No gamblers have interest in any of the stock, and no pool-room influences ever affect them in any way. Hence their creditable career and invariable success.

THE MODEL PROFESSIONAL GAMES. Below will be found a record of the best proessional contests of 1875 played in the championship arena, the list including all the games n which the winning nine scored six runs or

less in the game. The scores are given in the order of the closest contest:

BY ONE RUN.

June 19, Chicago vs. Hartford, at Chicago (11i.) 1 0
Aug. 5, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (10i.) 1 1
Sept. 14, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago (91.) 1
Oct. 19, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Phila (81)... 1
Aug. 12, Mutual vs. Hartford, at Hartford (81)... 1
May 11, Chicago vs. Red Stocking, at St. Louis. 1 0
May 21, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn... 1 0
June 14, Mutual vs. Western, at St. Louis. (51.) 1 0
Aug. 3, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn... 1 0
By TWO RINS.
May 11, Mutual vs. N. Haven, at N. Haven (11i) 2 1
May 14, Mutual vs. N. Haven, at N. Haven (11i) 2 1
July 3, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn... 2 1
July 14, St. Louis vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn... 2 1
Aug. 19, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis... 2 1
Aug. 26, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago... 2 1
June 8, Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago... 2 0
June 21, St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, at St. Louis 2 0
Aug. 5, Chicago vs. Philadelphia, at Phila... 2 0
Aug. 20, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn... 2 0
By Three Runs. BY ONE RUN.

Aug. 20, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (11i.) 3 1
May 27, Boston vs. Athletic, at Philadelp'a (10i) 3 3
April 26, Atlantic vs. New Haven, at New Haven 3 2
May 8, Philadelphia vs. N. Haven, at N. Haven 3 2
May 25, St. Louis vs. Western, at St. Louis. 3 2
June 12, N-w Haven vs. Hartf d, at Providence 3 2
Aug. 3, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at Philadelphia. 3 2
Aug. 33, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis. 3 2
Aug. 23, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis. 3 2
Aug. 24, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn. 3 2
Sept. 28, Philadelphia vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis 3 2
Oct. 2, Boston vs. Hartford at Boston. 3 2
May 21, Red Stocking vs. Western, at St. Louis 3 1
May 31, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn. 3 1
July 3, Boston vs. Hartford, at Boston. 3 1
Aug. 16, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis. 3 0
Sept. 13, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis. 3 0
Sept. 13, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis. 3 0
By Four Runs. BY THREE RUNS.

Sept. 13, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis 3 0

BY FOUR RUNS.

Aug. 4, Boston vs. Philadelp'a, at Boston (1ii), 4 3
July 22, Chicago vs. N. Haven, at N. Haven (10i) 4 3
Oct. 22, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (10i), 4 3
April 30, Mutual vs. Centennial, at Brooklyn (10i), 4 3
May 8, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis 4 3
June 15, Philadel'a vs. Red Stock'g, at St. Louis 4 3
June 26, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Chicago 4 3
July 15, Chicago vs. Hartford, at Hartford 4 3
July 24, Hartford vs. New Haven, at N. Haven 4 3
May 1, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Phila 4 2
May 15, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Phila 4 2
May 29, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Phila 4 2
July 27, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at Hartford 4 2
Aug. 9, Mutual vs. New Haven, at New Haven, 4 2
Sept. 27, Mutual vs. New Haven, at Brooklyn 4 2
Oct. 1, Mutual vs. New Haven, at Brooklyn 4 2
Oct. 8, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis 4 2
May 12, Hartford vs. Philadelphia, at Hartford 4 1
May 13, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn 4 1
May 14, Hartford vs. Philadelphia, at Hartford 4 1
May 15, Mutual vs. Red Stocking, at St. Louis 4 1
June 17, Mutual vs. Red Stocking, at St. Louis 4 1
June 17, Mutual vs. Red Stocking, at St. Louis 4 1
June 17, Mutual vs. Rew Haven, at Brooklyn 4 1
June 17, Mutual vs. Rew Haven, at New Haven 4 1
June 17, Mutual vs. Rew Haven, at New Haven 4 1
June 19, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago 4 1
July 19, Chicago vs. New Haven, at New Haven 4 1
May 12, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Philadelphia 4 0
Aug. 13, Mutual vs. New Haven, at New Haven 4 0
By Five Runs.
June 24 Philadelphia vs. Chicago at Philadelphia 4 0
Aug. 13, Mutual vs. New Haven, at New Haven 4 0 BY FOUR RUNS.

June 24, Philadelp'a vs. Chicago, at Chicago (12i) 5 2
June 5, St. Louis vs. Boston, at St. Louis . 5 4
June 16, St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, at Fhiladelp'a 5 4
Sept. 9, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelp'a 5 4
Sept. 15, Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Phila. 5 4
July 5, Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn. 5 3
Aug. 21, St. Louis vs. Boston, at St. Louis . 5 3
June 8, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn. 5 3
June 8, Philadelphia vs. Washing'n, at Wash'g'n 5 2
June 9, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at St. Louis. 5 2
July 10, Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn. 5 2
Aug. 16, Hartford vs. New Haven, at New Haven 5 2
July 15, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn. 5 1
July 26, Chicago vs. Philadelphia, at Phila. 5 1
Aug. 19, Philadelphia vs. Hartford, at Pnila. 5 1
Sept. 22, St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, at Cincin. 5 1
May 11, Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn. 5 0
May 17, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn. 5 0
May 17, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn. 5 0
May 24, Boston vs. Centennial, at Philadelph. 5 0 BY FIVE RUNS. May 11, Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn. 50
May 17, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn. 50
May 24, Boston vs. Centennial, at Philadelp a. 50
Aug. 27, Athletic vs. Chicago at Chicago 50
Sept. 23, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Chicago 50
Cot. 18, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at Hartford. 50
Sept. 27, St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, at St. Louis 5
Cot. 29, Mutual vs. St. Louis, at Brooklyn 55

The number of games in which one of the intesting nines were "Chicagoed," that is, did not score a run, will be seen by the append ed table. The Bostons were "Chicagoed" once, the Centennials once, the Westerns once, the Athletics twice, the Philadelphias twice the St. Louis three times, the St. Louis Reds four times, the Hartfords, Chicagos and Washingtons, each five times, the Mutuals six times, and the New Havens and Atlantics eight times each. The record of Chicago games is as fol-

June 19, Chicago vs. Hartford, at Chicago (11i)
May 11, Chicago vs. Red Sox, at St. Louis. 1 0
May 21, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn. 1 0
June 14, Mutual vs. Western, at Keokuk. 1 0
June 14, Mutual vs. Western, at Keokuk. 1 0
June 8, Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago. 2 0
Aug. 20, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn. 2 0
Sept. 13, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn. 2 0
Sept. 13, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis. 3 0
June 27, Red Stock g vs. Wash g n, at St. Louis. 3 0
June 17, Boston vs. Hartford, at Hartford. 4
Aug. 13, Mutual vs. New Haven, at N. Haven. 4 0
Aug. 13, Mutual vs. New Haven, at N. Haven. 4 0
May 12, Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn. 4 0
July 23, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Phila. 4 0
May 17, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn. 5 0
Aug. 27, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago. 5 0
May 11, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago. 5 0
May 11, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago. 5 0
May 11, Boston vs. Centennial, at Phila. 5 0
Oct. 18, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at Hartford. 5 0
Aprill 9, Boston vs. Centennial, at Phila. 5 0
Oct. 18, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at Hartford. 6 0
Sept. 25, Boston vs. Chicago, at Boston. 6 0
Sept. 25, Boston vs. Hartford, at St. Louis. 6 0
July 17, Boston vs. Hartford, at Hartford. 7 0
Aug. 10, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Hartford. 7 0
Aug. 10, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Hartford. 7 0
Aug. 10, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Hartford. 7 0
July 18, Red Stock'g vs. Wash'g'n, at St. Louis 8 0
July 22, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia, 9 0
June 24, Chicago vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia, 9 0
June 25, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia, 9 0
June 24, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia, 9 0
June 25, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia, 9 0
June 26, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia, 9 0
June 29, Washington vs. N. Haven, at Wash'g'n 9 0
June 21, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia, 10
June 22, Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn. 13 0
Oct. 2, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia, 14 0
June 7, Chicago vs. Red Stocking, at St. Louis 9 0
May 17, Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn. 13 0
Oct. 2, Athletic v

The best averages of first-base hits, made up from the number of games played in-and not as they should be, from the number of times at the bat—is as follows for 1875:



NEW YORK, DECEMBER 4, 1875.

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MEN WANT WOMEN FOR WIVES.

"Men who are worth having want women for rives. A bundle of gew-gaws, bound with a string f flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and et in a carmine saucer—this is no help for a man rho expects to raise a family of boys on bread and set in a carmine saucer—this is no nelp for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on bread and meat. The piano and lace frames are good in their places, and so are the ribbon frills and tassels; but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed blanket of the latter—and, awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blankets are necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as fancies; but you make all its decorations, remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and of good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may trap him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you? If you should trap and marry an industrious young man, and deceive him, he would be unhappy as long as he lives. So render yourselves worth catching, and you need no shrewd mother or brother to recommend you, and help you find a market." elp you find a market."

We find the above floating about in the newspapers and endorsed by the sapient Solons who preside over the columns, in such expressions as-"Advice worth volumes of fiction and sentimentalism "-"True as gospel, etc., etc.

Fiddlesticks! While the writer was about it, why didn' he give both sides of the question? Why did he try to give prominence to the idea that women are vain, dawdling, simpering creatures whose sole aim is to "look pretty and angle for a husband"?—or, if they have already "caught one," to render his life miserable while they bestow their smiles on others!-and keeping silence in regard to man's numerous infirmities, have us believe that he is the prey and victim of woman's wiles?

True it is, although it breaks our heart to say it, there are legions of just such female fools in the world as described above, but, so far as our observation goes, we find the sexes balanced in this respect in about the proportion of six of one and half a dozen of the

"Men who are worth having want women for wives "-and they generally get them, for no sensible man will be attracted by a smirking, be-frizzled, walking fashion-plate, any more than a woman of intelligence and real depth of character would think of allying herself with a perfumed, milk-and-water, fashionable fop.

Like seeks like, although there are occasion al exceptions to this as to every other rule, sometimes sadly exemplified even in our great est men and women, where husband or wife of brilliant intellect is held down and clogged by the weight of a vapid, senseless companion -but these are only the exceptions which prove the rule, and we generally find the male butterfly of society dancing attendance on and basking in the smiles of the damsel who thinks it vulgah to wash dishes and bake bread, and who pronounces a man "a perfect because he wears his broadcloth cut in the latest agony.

His exceedingly "small talk" and airy com-

pliments, the exquisite bow with which he presents her perfumed handkerchief or glove that she has dropped—the untiring devotion he displays in fanning her assiduously for a whole evening without giving out, pouring in to her ear, meanwhile, the tenderest nothings -his slangy talk about his "governor" or th "old man"—his willingness to spend in buggyrides and ice-creams money that he has had no

hand in earning-money perhaps coaxed or caioled from a fond, weak, widowed motherhis little occasional sprees, all mark him as th affinity of the addle-pated, ultra-fashionable girl found in every branch of society. There is a bond of union between them it were a pity to disturb. Let them alone!

They are two fools well met! If all women were such useless pieces of furniture, we might well deplore and prophecy the speedy dissolution of the happiness of home life, but it is a matter of gratulation and hope for the future that there are so many sensible, practical girls in whom these

sleek popinjays see nothing to admire.

My dear sir, try to divest yourself of that sweet self-love which impels you to conclude forthwith, when a woman treats you civilly, that she is trying to "trap" you! Don't ima gine, when she bestows a smile on you, that she is striving to get possession of that barren thing you call your heart; it is just as likely she is making fun of your pretty little four haired mustache, while you are misinterpreting her looks and thinking to yourself, know she's in love with me." Even if she g Even if she goes so far as to pin buttonhole bouquets on the lapel of your coat, don't be puffed up with vanity, and feel sorry you cannot be divided bodily so that all the nice girls might get a piece of you, for, ten to one, while you go whistling down the street, pluming yourself on your imagined conquest, she'll be telling her sister how "awful soft" you are!

Or, when you bid her good-night, if she turn away her head so that you scarcely see her face, for mercy's sake don't attribute it to some tender emotion that she is struggling to conceal, for 'tis altogether probable that the combined stench of cigar-smoke, patchouli and cardamon seeds you are redolent of is too much for her olfactories. It is true she man your photographs, but you wouldn't feel a bit flattered if you knew she took them chiefly because the handsome frames make

nice ornaments for the parlor brackets, would you? No, you are not aware of all this, but as you grow older you will learn there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy," my dear young friend. But try to make yourself worthy of her, and you will find this laughter at your expense turned into hearty endeavors to aid you to be better and nobler. She may not be willing to marry you, even after your reformation, for a true woman asks more of gold and less of dross in the character of the man she weds than you at your best can promise, but she will not deny you her friend-ship, and that is surely something of which you might well be proud.

Every intelligent, thinking woman knows that in life the prose outweighs the poetrythat fact preponderates over fancy, and as she runs her eye over the list of her male acquaintances, she smiles in derision at the thought of taking for a life companion, to battle with her its storms and meet its trials, the scented dandy, the dapper clerk in a milliner store, the hanger-on of a wealthy father!

Instead of a mass of fashionable vices with an exterior of elegant broadcloth, covered by a thin coating of conventional politeness, pure, virtuous woman has a right to demand in a husband nobility and purity. Purity? Yes, emphatically yes, but where will she find

Echo answers "where?" GARRY GAINES.

UNHEEDED WARNINGS.

It is said that "a burned child dreads the fire," and if older heads were as willing to have the same fear, as little children, how many an accident and catastrophe would it not prevent? We are too heedless and reckless ever to heed warnings. There are so many of us in this world that it appears as though we did not value our own lives or that of others. If a trapeze-performer falls from his giddy hight and meets with that dreadful fate of being dashed to pieces on the earth does that deter others from following the late trapeze - performer's business? Not one bit! There will be hundreds of others willing and anxious to secure the place left vacant.

No matter how many accidents happen to those who peril their lives in those air-ships, balloons, it does not diminish the number of ariel travelers, for they seem to go on the principle that "where there is no danger there is no pleasure." Broken limbs, fractured heads, and agonizing pain serve as no warm ings; they are neither heeded nor listened to.

People whose hearing is imperfect have been crushed out of existence by the thundering railway engine, whose signal of danger was not heard, yet deaf men continue to walk on the railway-track. I know not why, unless it be that they are unwilling to acknowledge to themselves or others their hearing is as defective as it really is. If that is so, they often have to pay the forfeit for their deception.

Railway accidents occur, and we read with norror the fearful accounts of the frightful killing or maiming of humanity. The railway company is censured, and that is all the punish ment it gets. This censure does not seem to have the desired effect, for the massacres con-

Fires occur in churches, halls, and factories ives are sacrificed, and, in almost every case, the coroner's verdict will be that these lives might have been saved if there had been proper means of egress; yet, with this warning before their eyes, men continue to put up buildings just as badly contrived as regards places of exit in case of a conflagration. eems wicked and criminal to sacrifice so much There ought to be a law made human life. and rigidly enforced all over the land, concerning proper means of escape, in case of accidents, being provided in every building. There are laws in some localities, yet even in great cities, such laws are not enforced—so careless

If architects and builders, who so culpably pordize life and limb, have any cor now many twinges must they have when they hear of the fearful calamities for which they are to blame! Must not the ghosts of their victims haunt their slumbers, and dog their footstens?

Dante has written, that, upon the gates of hell are placed these words: "Who enters here, leaves hope behind." The words might well be written over the doors of many of the unsafe and insecure buildings around us.

This subject ought to be given great consideration. God did not give us our lives to throw He did not intend us to be wholesale murderers of our fellow-beings. There is too much headlong haste and too much reckless speed in every day of our lives. We pay no heed to cautions, and disregard danger-signals until it is too late. The blood of the victims of these accidents and holocausts must lie heavy on the souls of some people. What can the answer to the Almighty for their wickedness EVE LAWLESS.

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

THERE is no law in human affairs more immutable and potent than that which connects by indissoluble bonds, destiny with character, If we would know what is to befall us, in th truest sense of the phrase, we must correctly appreciate our inmost character. key to all our future, and unlocks se which no oracle can ever reveal. It is not merely the events and circumstances of our lives that are so largely controlled by our inmost dispositions, though this is true to an extent that we rarely appreciate. What are the great events that mark the life of the indulgent pleasure-seeker? Sickness, disease and premature decay. Of the spendthrift? Poverty. Of the selfish and miserly? Desolation and loneliness. Of the faithless and dishonest The finger of scorn and a life of disgrace. Or the other hand, integrity, economy and energy lead inevitably to the most permanent suc ss; benevolence and good-will bring friends temperance and good habits are accompanied by health and long life. Even the most ex-ternal surroundings of life are thus more closely allied to character, and more depend ent upon it, than we ever imagine. But life is not made up of events; man is not "the creature of circumstances," as is so often asserted. The great results of life flow from character, not from condition. Different bring out of the same outward events totally opposite issues. The cheerful and the melancholy man look upon the same scene in nature, but how differently are they impressed! To the one all is beauty and de

light, to the other all is gloom and sadness. The world without reflects that which is within. So in social life we reap that which we sow, and society is often to us but a reflection of our own nature. The selfish or proud, or cold or jealous disposition, suffers very same sources which bring love and joy

to the heart of the gentle and kind. Every characteristic has a magnetism by which it draws its like to itself, unfolding from others that which is in sympathy with itself, and thus perpetuating and recreating it. There are no blessings which may not be changed into evils, no trials or sufferings that may not be transformed into blessings. Temptation brings ruin to one, and strength to another; not by its innate power, but by simply evolving the character that is tried. Pleasure is a poison to one, and a healthful refreshment to another. The same privileges, the same discipline, will cause one to rise to hights of vir tue, and another to sink into weakness and

Foolscap Papers.

My Intelligence Office.

WHEN my venerable father used to lick me in the morning, and send me to school, he would remind me that it was his great ambition to live to see me so intelligent that I would find it very profitable to start an Intelligence Office on my own hook. I used to ponder on this all day in some neighboring woodspasture, while I played mumble-peg with Jinkins' boy, and inwardly resolved to start one on the first opportunity.

Intelligence has always been our family failing. Any one of my renowned ancestors could sit down on a stump and whittle, and tell you anything, and a good deal more, in a pinch, without charging anything extra for anything additional. It was all at the same price.

I would have started my Intelligence Office long since, but there was my little pigs to rear up into the maturity of bacon, and that occupied all my leisure time; and the wood was to

be sawed. I saw it. The intelligence of my office is of a remarkable order: it is warranted not to fade in the sunniest weather, and to stand the severest washing; and any thing which you wish to find out, you will find out to the very best of my knowledge, and I was raised on a

If you want to know just what your neighbors are saying about you, it will only cost you fifty cents; or if you pay a dollar, a good deal will be left out, and the intelligence will be of the purest order; and warranted to please the most fast-iduous.

If you want to know just when your wife's aged aunt will be down on you with three trunks, and the accompanying bundles and bandboxes, you can be informed to a day, but no unnecessary storming will be permitted in

Should you want a situation as a cashier of bank, or as coal-heaver, I will tell you where to apply for the sum of a little bit of a one dollar bill-not a great big one; and if you should fail, it will be your misfortune, and not my

If you desire a situation as a wood-sawyer, you can try a cord of my wood, at the house, and then I can see just what a recommenda-tion I can give you for the dangerously low price of fifty cents.

If you want a good character shown, you can get it cheap, with a very small extra charge, for flaws, scratches, and fractures that

need covering up. If you lose your watch, you can apply here, and either get it, or you can buy one as near like it as can be for the same money you paid for it first, which will be a great convenience.

If you want to know what time in the year it is most suitable to take a bath; the best time to plant string beans, when they will come up with twenty tied to a string; or you wish to know the best time to sow your early potatoes drill your potato-bugs, plant fences the most productive, or lick your enemy, on the consideration of a small consideration, you will get that intelligence in my office, where all kinds are kept, cut, dried, and bottled; also stringsful, pocketsful, and in tubs, where wanted in quantities. All is warranted to be fresh, and will not spoil in the keeping.

course, the more you pay, the better the fortune you will get.

Any information you may desire from your dead relatives, can be constantly had on application, as my office has telegraph lines running to all parts of Indiana.

Any man wishing a wife, will find this the place to seek one; even if I have to be obliged to sell him mine, he shall be accommodated. If you wish to know your capabilities, all you have to do, is to come to my rooms and

have your head examined by experts. If you want to know when it will rain, inquire within, and you will receive an answer

in a few days, at furthest. If you think you have got a counterfeit bill, come here, and if it is not, we will give you

If you want to know the best day to pay your debts, hurry to this office, plank out one dollar, in an excited state, shake the clerk by the collar, but don't threaten his life, in your dreadful anxiety, because somebody might get hurt, and your debts remain unpaid.

If you happen to be of the kind that don't know anything at all, we will charge you only one dollar for a chair in this office, for one day you bringing your own crackers and cheese and if, when you leave at night, you don't know more than any living man, or a dozen dead ones, your money will be handed—to an-

The sort of information that makes people go away wiping their mouths, and licking their lips, and winking one eye at people they meet, is supplied next door, through a private entrance; under our guidance, it is a great suc-

If anybody finds out here what they don't want to, they will be charged very little extra therefor; just enough to cover expenses.

If you have lost any children by being carried off, here is the very place where you will find them. People who leave here, and know too much,

of course, will have to settle for the excess.

Call early, before the rush. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

OVER-SENSITIVENESS .- A great deal of discomfort arises from over-sensitiveness about what people may say of you or your actions. This requires to be blunted. Consider whether anything you can do will have much conwhat they will say. sides, it may be doubted whether they will say anything at all about you. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an ampitheater, with the assembled world as spectators; whereas all the while they are playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, they form the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversation about themselves, they might, at any rate, defy the annoyance, disappointment and pain from the proverb, and insist upon hearing themselves well-spoken of.

Topics of the Time.

-"As to being conflicted with the gout," said Mrs. Partington, "high living don't bring it on. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, disinherited it from his wife's grandmother."

—On Oct. 4 the Spanish Duke of Medina-Cœli married the daughter of the Dukes of Montore, Alba, Berwick, and Stuart. This gentleman, de-scended from James II. and Arabella Churchill, is four dukes at once. But the bridegroom may boast greater miracles still in his own person, for he is six times duke, thirteen times marquis, fourteen times count, and three times viscount. The King of Spain and the Princess of Asturius signed the contract. Such a trouseau has not been beheld in Madrid for centuries. It was exbeen beheld in Madrid for centuries. It was exhibited to the public for a month. A double marriage was expected, as the Dowager Duchess of Medina-Cœli has long been engaged to a Senor Leon, not even hidalgo. Lengthy negotiations have been held upon the means of raising this gentleman, through decree, to such lofty state that he may decently marry the six duchesses, fourteen marchionesses, and so on, represented by a lady of the Medina-Cœli family. It was thought that means had been found for working thought that means had been found for workin this great transformation. At the last moment, however, the wedding of the Dowager Duchess with M. Leon was once more postponed.

-The human hand is so beautifully formed, it —The numan hand is so beautifully formed, it has so fine a sensibility, which governs its motions so correctly, every effort of the will is answered as instantly as if the hand itself was the seat of the will; its actions are so free, so powerful, and yet so delicate, that it seems to possess a quality instinct in itself, and we use it as we draw our breath managing. we draw our breath, unconsciously, and have lost all recollection of the feeble and ill-directed efall recollection of the feeble and ill-directed efforts of its first exercise, by which it has been perfected. In the hand are twenty-nine bones, from the mechanism of which result strength, mobility and elasticity. On the length, strength, free lateral motion, and perfect mobility of the thumb, depends the power of the hand, its strength being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would avail nothing; and, accordingly, the large ball formed by the muscles of ingly, the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the distinguishing character of the human hand,

—Physicians practicing in fever districts are gratuitously furnished with the receipt that Bangkok doctors guarantee as infallible: "Take small pieces of rhinoceros horn and elephants' tusks, the teeth of tigers, crocodiles, and bears; three portions of the bones of vultures, geese and ravens; a fragment of a stag and a bison's horn, and a minute piece of sandalwood; reduce the whole to powder and mix it with cold water on a stone. Half the pation is to be swallowed. on a stone. Half the potion is to be swallowed by the patient, and the rest is to be rubbed over his body." This is not a whit more absurd than Hippocrates' and Galen's own remedies. Bang-kok is only 2000 years behind Dr. Brandreth and Prof. Carpenter.

—A chunk of milk, "solidified by the Hooker process," and weighing about 100 pounds, and which "had been exposed to the action of the air for four years and three months," was lately shown at the rooms of the Society of Arts in London, and the Agricultural Gazette of that city says "its onality was still so excellent that in a says "its quality was still so excellent that in few minutes it was resolved, by churning, into good fresh butter." By the *Hooker* process. We have had a realizing sense of what that means ever since Old Brindle lifted us over an

—Another one on Nevada. When a St. Helena photographer wants to make a good picture, he puts the sitter in his place, pulls out a navy revolver, cocks it, levels it at the man's head, and says, "Now, jist you sit perfectly still, and don't move a hair; put on a calm, pleasant expression of countenance, and look right into the muzzle of this revolver, or I'll blow the top of your head off. My reputation as an artist is at stake, and I don't want no nonsense about this picture."

—Referring to an item in this department relating to corn-cobs for fuel, a correspondent informs us that a patent issued in 1868 or '69 to H. G. Dayton, of Marysville, Ky., covers the idea of a prepared cob for fuel. The correspondent adds also the curious statement that the patent's apecification claims "a prepared corn. patent's specification claims "a prepared corn-cob in any way for purposes of artificial fuel," which, he says, is so broad and exclusive as to keep all other inventors or innovators off the track. No man can substantiate such a prepos-terous "claim." He must patent right not only a specific appliance but must prove that it is a specific appliance, but must prove that it i If you desire to know what your fortune is to be, you will have it told for one dollar; of the control of the c general claim for a patent on such use would be consistent either with common or special law. The use of corn-cobs as "lighters" is now be coming yearly more general. When steeped in a solution of tar or asphaltum, or soaked in crude kerosene and dried afterward, the cobs are most excellent for lighting both coal and wood fires, and no patentee can prohibit their prepara tion and use by any consumer.

-The Government of Spain has opened a competition for a national air; the one selected is to be adopted by the State and all the regi-ments of Alfonso XII. Hitherto the bands have played by turns the hymns of Riego, of Espar tero, Prim, Pierard, etc., but none of them i considered suitable to the present order of things. A nation without a national hymn i things. A nation without a national nyme alike a church without a steeple—it lacks its crowning glory and is rated very low church incoming characteristics and the steeple of the steeple deed. Spain hash t had finder use for a findfinal hymn for two hundred years. The inordinate egotism of the Spanish race—their great boasting and little accomplishment—would make a hymn flaunting anybody's glory but their individual own a personal insult. We'll be curious to see what this offer brings forth.

—"Coal Oil Johnny," who became wealthy in the petroleum excitement, and subsequently spent his money in reckless extravagance, is working as a railroad hand in Iowa. Charles H. Harris, who had a somewhat similar experience in sudden and brief affluence, has made a living of late in Chicago writing dialect humor as "Carl Pretzel." Sudden fortune is by no means a permanent accession either of wealth or hap piness. The fortune that stays best and does ost good is that which is well earned and slow work his way to wealth, and if he does, that it will not take wings and fly away, for, by earning his money, he will know the true value of a dol lar and only spend it for a full equivalent.

-Vegetables do not generally form as large a part of the ordinary subsistence of an Americar as they should. Whether cooked alone, or jointly with the cheaper pieces of meat in the form of a ragout, they will always serve as a substantial means of nutrition and tend to diminish the cost of heavehold, accompanying the first mean distinct the cost of heavehold. of household consumption. A full meat diet makes the consumer coarse; a full vegetable diet makes the consumed. The happy medium is the true treatment of the body and mind, for so week is body to mind that it may with truth be said that the mind reflects and responds to the bodi-ly conditions—a coarse and gross diet will pro-duce a coarse and gross mind.

—We Americans are even yet an anomaly—a paradox—a contradiction, to the English comprehension. *Chambers' Journal*, one of the most intelligently-conducted of all the English periodicals, in a late article on "Americanisms," gives a list of some of our common expressions which it will be a surprise for us to learn are here ac redited in our conversation. As for instance A man is attacked and defeated in the Legisl ture, and this is reported by saying that he has been 'catawamptiously chawed up.' 'I don' want to swear,'says a conscientious man, 'cos it's wicked; but if I didn't see him do it, may I be teetotaciously chawed up!' There are man expressions like the last, for the American se dom swears outright, but generally has recourse to those half-disguised phrases which a famous New York preacher once denounced as 'one-horse oaths.'" "Catawamptiously," "teetotaciously," are good—on the Englishman.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy" third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the third, length. Of two alkSs, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give shelt offerings early attack. ation .- Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in specia

Declined: "The Onyx Ring;" "Only a Bootblack;" "Border Justice;" "Fame or Love;" "The Wild-goose Chase;" "Spirit or Not?" "A Hopeless Case;" "Old Grines Watch;" "Peaches and Vinegar;" "Go and Come." We use "A Mote in the Air;" "When the Dew alls;" "A Glance that Hurt;" "Mrs. Maloney's op;" "Shepherd and Keeper;" "The Old-New

P. G. A. Tobacco is poisonous in proportion to

ne nicotine it contains,
Miss Merryton. Do not answer. A correspondnce of the kind named is improper. MRS. D. G. S. Buy the felt hat and trim it your-self, thereby saving five dollars at least. F. F. Nick Whiffles is one of the inventions of the late Dr. J. H. Robinson, and a happy invention

An Astoria Man. Nitro glycerine cannot "su-percede" gunpowder. It never will be used in ar-

HENRY D. G. A true "chromo" is only expensive where it is a true chromo-lithograph. Water colors are almost wholly used in the best French chromos.

OLAPOD. Willis Gaylord Clark and Lewis Gaylord Clark were twin-brothers. The latter died only a few years ago. He was editor of the old Knieker-bocker Magazine in its best days.

WILL WALTON. Your desire is an honest one, no doubt; but young ladies, who are prudent, will not correspond with strangers.

correspond with strangers.

HAGERSTOWN GIRL. The Nine Muses were Calliope, the muse of Epic poetry and eloquence; Olio, of hist ry; Melpomene, of tragedy; Euterpe, of music; Erato, of lyric poetry; Terpsichore, of dancing; Urania, of astronomy; Thalia, of comedy; and Polymnia, of singing.

ED. A. G., Elmira. Many court decisions declare that all railroad tickets are good until used, and conditions "for this day only," or otherwise limiting the time of genuineness, are of no binding force whatever.

NAVY STREET. We know of no "steel ships"—
certainly none in our own navy, or in our commercial marine. We are told that an English shipsmith
is building, however, for the navy two dispatch
boats, of which the engines, halls and boilers will
be of steel throughout. FARMER STOUT, Kane Corners. Cider may be purified by isinglass—about one ounce of the latter to the gallon. Dissolve in warm water, stir gently into the eider, let it settle, and draw off the li-

MRS. DWIGHT C. The three recipes for "English plum pudding," given in the cook book you name, are none of them of the real old famous pudding which is yet served on koliday occasions. This is the true recipe. Cut it out and keep it for your friends' use: Two pounds of stoned raisins, two pounds of currants, two pounds of suet, chopped very fine, about two pounds of flour, about two pounds of bread crumbs, one-half pound of fine, moist white sugar, one nutmeg, grated, a little spice, one-half pound of citron, cut in very small pieces, sixteen eggs, well beaten, one pint of new milk, three wineglasses of brandy. Stir well with a wooden spoon. Do not wet the mixture too much, for if it is not very thick the fruit will settle. The currants must be rolled in a little flour before being added. It will take six hours to boil this. Boil in a bowl covered with a napkin. To be eaten hot, with wine sauce. When the pudding is brought to the table it is to be blazing with burning brandy. MRS. DWIGHT C. The three recipes for "English

brandy. CHARLIE W. Can't give a list of the works of the author named. Besides those included in the Dick Talbot series we shall reprint others from time to time, and thus again place all within your reach. Simply keep a sharp look-out for the announcement in the "Twenty Cent Novels" series.

POMERANIA. There are "rules for spelling." formation of words is by no means hap-hazard or capricious, as you seem to think. We will, in a fu-ture issue, give you and others interested in 'knowing how to spell' some of the rules which are rules to the correct formation of English

PAUL PRY. We have frequently given recipes for the cure of warts and corns. This cure we have not given, but it is reported to be a "dead shot" on the excreseences: Take a small piece of raw beef; steep it all night in vinegar; cut as much from it as will cover the corn or wart and tiet to trim thas win cover the corn or wark, and the to on tt; if the excrescence is on the forelead, fasten it with a strip of sticking-plaster. It may be removed in the day and put on every night. In one fortnight the wart or corn will die and peel off.

the wart or corn will die and peel off.

Miss A. M. N. See answer elsewhere (Mrs. Emma R.) Address orders to A. T. Stewart & Co., Tenth street, N. Y.—As to "the very newest" styles of hat trimming we are informed that gold, silver and steel are now in much favor. Birds and wings and bronzed or velvet leaves also form part of the trimmings. Amazone feathers are used, but they are not curled as formerly, the feather droops underneath, and only the extreme end is slightly curled. Belgian sulphur-colored guipure is used with considerable success on velvet, and even felt; this is a novelty. Any kind of white lace is also suited to the same purpose, and the effect is quite pleasing.

JNO. H. While this journal caters for all-for old JNG, H. While this journal caters for all—for old readers and young—it is safe to say it gives, yearly, more good and pleasing boys' stories than any of the so-named "boys' papers." We will of course be happy to have you and your boy friends compare the current and coming issues of the SATURDAY JOURNAL with any of the papers referred to, to reassure you and them that those papers contain no stories which can vie with "Nick Whiffles' Pet," "Idaho Tom," etc.; and we can well promise that the coming new serial by Oll Coomes, viz.; "Happy Harry"—the splendid sequel to "Lance and Lasso," by Capt. Whittaker; and the "Yankee Boys in Ceylon," by C. D. Clark, will quite distance any stories of the season in interest and pleasurable exciteof the season in interest and pleasurable excite

MRS. EMMA R. There are numerous forms of bonnets, and the variety is rendered still greater by the many different ways of trimming. Felt is at present more worn than any other material, and possesses the advantage that it serves equally well for fall and for winter wear. In addition to the possesses the advantage that it serves equally well for fall and for winter wear. In addition to the felt hat with large brim, called Michel Ange, there is the capote shape. The first-named, though very elegant, is a little exaggerated. The second is much more simple, and like that worn during the summer, though rather flatter over the ears; the brim forms a small cape in the back. With this shaped bonnet, ribbon-strings, or mentonnieres barbes are very suitable.—We have no "purchasing bureau." Almost any regular dealer will fill an order C. O. D.

ELOISE GRAY, Buffalo, writes: "If a lady is in some place where a friend is near but cannot recognize him without a marked effort to do so, do you think he should take any offense, or consider himself slighted, that she does not recognize him? Or, if a lady is aware of the proximity of friends, should she feel compelled to put herself to any trouble to acknowledge them?" If, at some gathering, you see a friend, but are not near him, and he does not see your glance, there is no necessity for your making any "marked effort" to show recognition; nor could he, since he would not be aware that he was discovered, take offense. But if you see a friend, and he meets your glance, you should not omit a slight motion of acknowledgment. And if a lady is aware of the "proximity" of friends, whose friendship she values, she should certainly put herself to some trouble to acknowledge their presence. ELOISE GRAY, Buffalo, writes: "If a lady is in

KITTEN, N. Y. City, asks: "In which hand should a lady hold the bridle-rein while riding horseback; and in which hand the mallet while playing croquet!—Please tell me the meaning of un peur, beaucoup, passionement, pas du tout.—Is there anything that passionement, pas du tout.—Is there anything the skin?—His is my composition and writing? A lady holds bridle-rein in her left hand; a croquet-mallet in hright.—Un peur should be written une peur, a means a fear, a dread, or a fright; beaucoup means with the second property and the second prop means a fear, a dread, or a fright; beaucoup means much; passionement is properly spelled passionnement, and means passionately, fondly; pas du tous means not at all.—Nothing but excision will remove moles without injury to the skin.—Your composition is fair, your writing rather cramped.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

THE EVERGREEN."

BY EDWARD G. PINCKNEY.

The roses, with their sweet perfume, May claim to be most fair; But ah! their beauty fades as soon As touched by autumn air: So give to me the "Evergreen," Whose beauty is forever seen.

The violet and buttereup,
When clothed with sparkling dew,
May call the humming-bird to sup
Off gold or dainty blue,
But give to me the "Evergreen,"
Whose beauty is forever seen.

The water-lily fair to see
Reclining on the stream,
Robed, with its spotless purity,
May be the flowers' queen,
But give to me the "Evergreen,"
Whose beauty is forever seen.

The pansy, or the daisy white,
With grace and beauty rare,
In modesty may charm the sight,
And rank among the fair,
But give to me the "Evergreen,"
Whose beauty is forever seen.

All flowers that the earth has brought
Will wither and decay,
And though each is with beauty fraught
Their beauty fades away;
So give to me the "Evergreen,"
Whose beauty is forever seen.

The Dead Traveler.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

THE train stopped at Dexham's bleak depot long enough to permit a man to spring from the drizzling gloom upon the platform of the through coach, whose doors were locked. The conductor, ensconced from the rain in the express car, did not see the new acquisition to his list of passengers, and the man standing on the platform seemed to be congratulating himself on the success of what he wished to call

When the train moved from the station, whose night-clerk slept in his dimly-lighted office, the unknown passenger quietly drew a brass key from his pocket and unlocked the door of the coach. When he closed it again, himself inside, it was locked as before.

He found the car lighted by three lamps, and seemingly deserted. Not a head protruded above the seats, and the air of desolation filled the place. He heard the rain now falling in earnest, beating against the windows, beyond

whose panes the blackness of darkness reigned.

Not far from the fireless stove the new passenger seated himself, and began to brush passenger seated himself, and began to brush his hat with a handkerchief. He was in the midst of his work when something like a groan startled him, and he stopped. Leaning forward, he listened keenly, and at length rose and walked down the aisle.

He seemed satisfied that he had heard a human groan, for he looked into and between the seats, and it was near the forward door that he suddenly came to a halt.

He stood over a man whose head rested on the crimson cushion of the seat, but whose body lay on the floor.

From the white lips beneath the silent spectator had proceeded the startling groan, and the eyes moved once when they caught sight

The unknown passenger regarded the scene for a moment before he stirred a limb. Then he bent over the recumbent man, and with no little difficulty assisted him to the seat. "I say it's no use after your murderous blows!" said the stricken one, seeming to regard the new passenger as his mortal enemy.

"You need not strike me again."

"I never struck you," replied the passenger, with a faint smile. "My kind sir, you have mistaken the person. Will you not tell me how all this came about?"

was quite evident that the wounded traveler was near unto death. One quiver after another passed over his frame, and once or twice after speaking he gasped for breath. The single spectator saw this and put his hand on his shoulder.

the dying traveler. "Tell me who did it; I am a detective."

The deathly eyes fixed their stare upon him. and when he saw the white lips move he put his ear down to them.

"Tell Natalie-Natalie-tell her that-God pity me!

With the 'last word the traveler's head fell back upon the detective's hand, and the gurgle of death ran up his throat. Then he turned his face from the light, and the rain-drops that came through a hole in the pane fell upon a dead man's brow.

"Curse the stupid luck!" said the detective, standing erect. "He would have told me, I am sure, and my case would not have been difficult. But let me see what I can find upon him by which to work, for I swear I will hunt to the death the man who killed the traveler."

An examination of the dead man's pockets revealed nothing concerning his identity, and the detective looked puzzled. He found an empty pocket-book and a watch; but they did him no good. The man had probably reached his thirtieth year; his hair and well-dressed beard were light, and his lifeless eyes a beautiful blue. He was well dressed, but there was no show of ostentation about his garments,

After the search the detective unlocked the front door of the coach, and with another key which he drew from his pocket unlocked th express car. Stepping boldly into it, he startled the messenger, whose hands flew to an inner pocket when he beheld the unsummoned intruder, but no pistol was drawn.

"No shooting, Tobey," said the detective, and the messenger recognizing the voice, came forward with extended hands.

"You take a fellow by surprise, Dixon.

might have shot you.' 'Oh, I guess not!" laughed the detective; " where's Golden?"

"Asleep in you corner." Dixon stepped forward, and waked a goodlooking man, who had fallen asleep on several bales of gunnycloth.

"You've got a dead man on the train, Dixon said to the conductor, when he opened "A dead man!" cried the express messenger,

before the conductor, recovering from his sleep, could utter a single ejaculation. "A man as dead as Chelsea! Come and see

him. The messenger picked up a lantern, and the

two left the car. "I recollect him," said conductor Golden looking at the dead traveler. "He boarded the train at Monterey, and was my only through passenger. There're two stabs in his

left breast! You've noticed them, I suppose?" "Oh, yes; nothing ever escapes me," replied the detective, with a smile. "Do not either of you gentlemen know aught about

The messenger shook his head without replying, and the conductor said: "I've met him once or twice before.

ed on the floor of the express-car, lay the dead traveler. The lamplight fell over his pale face and rendered it ghastly, like the

faces of corpses.

Conductor Golden said that the mystery of the passenger's death puzzled him. He was sure that no other person tenanted the fatal coach when he locked it, after taking up the only through ticket, and giving the proper check. The theory of suicide was discussed, but abandoned, as no weapons were found on the passenger's person. The messenger recollected a certain robbery of the company's car works several years prior to the fatal night, and stated that a number of coach keys were then taken. In all probability some person in possession of one of those keys had entered the coach at some station, murdered the unknown passenger while the train was in motion, and made good his escape.

This theory satisfied messenger and conductor, but not the detective.

tor, but not the detective.

"Gentlemen," he said, calmly, "this man was killed by an old enemy. His watch, worth at least two hundred dollars, remains on his person, but everything else has been removed. The murderer has carefully removed all traces of his identity, but his shrewdness shall avail him naught. For I tell you," the speaker's cold but piercing eyes were fixed on Golden, "I tell you," he repeated, "that I will hunt him days and make him now down to him days and make him now down to him the second tracks the second tracks are second to the second tracks are second tracks are second to the second tracks are second tracks are second tracks are second to the second tracks are second to the second tracks are second tracks. him down and make him pay dearly for his terrible work." "Your hand on that!" said the conductor,

putting forth his hand, and the men clasped. "Why, there's blood on your hand!" denly said Dixon, noting a crimson spot on Golden's member. "I've a mind to arrest you," he added, with a smile.

"Do so, and hunt no further for your man!" returned the conductor. "I had my hand in the dead man's bosom, hence the gore on my skin. But do you think you'll ever catch the perpetrator of the deed?"

"Catch him?" cried Dixon. "In my detec tive life I have never followed a man in vain. John Golden, you have heard of me in the capacity of a man-hunter, and I promise that you shall be present at the death of your passenger's assassin."

"Good) I accept the invitation implied in your words; and Tobey—is he included?" "Certainly," answered Dixon, with a faint smile, and then the conversation was inter-

rupted by the whistle of the engine.
"We're running into Dayton," said the messenger, taking up his book. "I put off a parcel here that is not entered on the books, and he glanced from the detective to the

The coroner's inquest elicited no new facts concerning the dead passenger. The usual verdict that "the deceased had come to his death at the hands of some person or persons unknown to the jury" appeared in the morning. ing papers. During the day many people viewed the corpse in the coroner's office; but

it was not recognized. Dixon, the detective, kept about the office the entire day. He scrutinized the face of each viewer of the corpse, and assisted to put the dead into the coffin after office hours. Many people wondered who that strange and commonplace man in the office was, never dreaming that he was one of the keenest detectives in the United States. He left the of-fice at eleven o'clock and passed under the gaslight toward the Merchants' Hotel. This resort was in a distant part of the city, and to gain it the detective would be obliged to traverse a portion of the metropolis infested with thieves, gamblers, debauchees, and wicked people generally. He had traversed it before, unarmed, and did not fear its denizens.

He set forth alone, and had gained the nearest and best portion of the infected district, when a hand was laid on his arm. stopped and beheld a young girl looking up

"Well, Miss?" he said, in a tone that reassured the person, for she came nearer.
"I saw you in the coroner's office; but I

was afraid to come in," she said. "I looked in from the curb, and ran off when I thought you were looking at me. Sir, I would like to see him before they give him an unknown grave. He was my brother.'

Dixon started and turned full upon the pale, orrowful girl. "Your brother?" he cried. "What is your

name?" "Natalie Green." "Natalie!"

It was the last name pronounced by the murdered traveler; and the detective was startled at finding its possessor so soon. "Where do you live?" he asked.

"In a house two blocks down this street. Oh! sir, do not think me one of the sinning. He drew me from home, and I had not the hardihood to return. I could not face father, though I have not fallen, and brother George, the dead, has been hunting me ever

"Natalie, this is no place for conversation, said the detective. "In your home you must tell me the whole story. You know what I am, girl?"

Yes, a detective," she replied. "They don't like such as you in these parts."
"I reckon not," he said, with a smile, and

together they walked down the street. What followed I need not detail here: the denouement of my story will tell the reader. One autumn night, three months later, a man boarded a train as it was leaving a country station.

The night was the counterpart of the one that witnessed the finding of the dying pas-senger in the coach, and the person who had nimbly leaped upon the platform unlocked the car with the sang froid of a privileged person.

He passed through the well-filled coach, and resently faced the messenger, who was at cards with the conductor. Both men started when they beheld the new-comer; but they soon recognized him and gave him a friendly hand.

"No man yet," said Conductor Golden, with a light laugh, as he looked up into their visi-tor's face. "The trail is long, and will in time, no doubt, grow tiresome."

the detective, seriously, and the conductor rose to his feet. "Good!" he exclaimed. "Tobey, we will

drink to Dixon's success." "You must drink soon, then," was the reply and a revolver quietly slipped from the detective's pocket.

"John Golden," he continued, "I arrest you for the murder of George Green. allured his sister, Natalie, from her home, and swore to kill him because he followed you. That vow you have kept; you met him in your through coach; the night was dark, and he your sole passenger. Then and there you imbrued your hands with blood, and removed from his person traces of his identity. Deny

Dixon sprung forward to arrest him, but The train struck a bridge as the form of the

conductor disappeared, and messenger and detective gazed blankly into each other's

"Dead?" asked Nixon.
"Dead!" responded Tobey. "If he missed the beams he fell into the river eighty feet be-

"Well, let him go!" said the detective. "He is the assassin of the man from whose home he allured a sister." The body of John Golden was never found. Among his papers at his boarding-house in the city was found a memorandum book belong-

ing to George Green, and other articles that Natalie identified. Thus was the mystery that hung over the dead traveler cleared, and I have but to add that Natalie returned home, and after the apse of two years, became the wife of no less a person than Jerome Dixon.

THREE PAIRS AND ONE.

From the German of Ruckert.

Two ears hast thou and mouth but one;
But wherefore murmur, pray?
For, much to hear it doth beseem,
And little of it say.

Two eyes hast thou and mouth but one; Its import heed thou well, For, many things 'tis meet to see, And little of them tell.

Two hands hast thou and mouth but one;
To weigh this well 'tis meet;
For, plainly, two were made to work,
And only one to eat!

Erminie:

THE GIPSY QUEEN'S VOW

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING, AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AN AW-FUL MYSTERY," "VICTORIA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

PET FINISHES HER EDUCATION.

And her brow cleared, but not her dauntless eye:
The wind was down, but still the sea ran high."
—Don Juan. ACCUSTOMED to early rising from her infan-, the first beam of morning sunshine found

Pet out of bed, and dressed. The other girls, with Miss Sharpe, were up too, hastily throwing on their clothes, and looking pale, haggard and worn, from the pre-vious night's excitement and want of sleep.

Quivering with the remembrance of last night's frolic, and the terror and consternation that would follow it to-day, Pet stood before the mirror, bathing her hands and face, and

curling her short, boyish, black ringlets. The others did not wait for this, but as soon as they were dressed made a grand rush for the lower rooms, where they knew the remainder of the household were assembled. And here they found them, still in their night-robes, just beginning to find their tongues, and ven turing to talk over the exciting events of the previous night. Petronilla, with her keen sense of the ludicrous, had much ado to keep from laughing outright at their wild eyes and affrighted whispers, but drawing her face down to the length of the rest, she talked away as volubly as any of them of her terror and wonder, protesting she would write to her papa to take her home, for that she wasn't accustomed to living in haunted houses. At last, becoming aware of their deshabille, the camped up-stairs to do becoming garments, and talk over, in the privacy of their own apartments, the ghost and

the mysterious rapping. Mrs. Moodie, recovering her presence of mind and dignity, with the coming of daylight, resolved to lose no time in having the matter fully investigated. Her first act was to have the house searched from top to bottom, and the young ladies willingly engaging in the search, every corner, cranny and crevice, from attic to cellar, was thoroughly examined. Had a needle been lost it must have been found, but no trace of last night's visitor could be discovered.

"Oh, it's no use looking; it was a ghost!" exclaimed Miss Sharpe.
"Oh, yes, it was a ghost! It must have been a ghost!" echoed all the young ladies si-

multaneously. "But ghosts always come in through a key hole—at least the ghosts up our way do," said Pet; "so where was the use of its knocking and making such a fuss last night."

No one felt themselves qualified to answer the questions, so the hunt was given over, and the hunters, in much disorder, were told they might amuse themselves in the play-ground that morning, instead of reciting, as usual. The teachers did not feel themselves able to

pursue their customary avocations until some ight had been thrown upon the mystery. Then Mrs. Moodie put on her bonnet and shawl, and went out without any definite object in view, unless it was to see if the ghost had left any clue to its whereabouts on the As a very natural consequence, her eye turned upon the huge brass knocker that had been so instrumental in last night's din; and from it, to her surprise, she beheld a long, stout cord dangling. Petronilla, of course, in cutting the string, could not reach down to

sever it, and a half-yard or so still waved in

triumph in the morning air. Mrs. Moodie, though a fine lady, was sharp and "wide awake," and in this cord she perceived some clue to the affair of the previous night. As she still gazed on it in the same way as a detective might, at the evidence of some secret crime, the young girl who had given Pet the cord passed through the hall and paused to look at the open door which Mrs. Moodie was so intently surveying. Her eye "But I have reached the end of it!" said fell on the cord; she started, took a step for ward, looking puzzled and surprised.

"It was no spirit, you see, that was rapping last night, Miss Hughes," said Mrs. Moodie, sharply; "this cord has had something to do with it."

"Why, that cord is mine-or rather was. said the young lady, examining it; "we used to use it in our room for hanging pocket-handkerchiefs and collars to dry on."
"Yours, Miss Hughes," said Mrs. Moodie

facing round with an angry light rising in her "It was mine, madam; I gave it last evening to the new pupil, Miss Lawless."

To Miss Lawless?" "Yes, madam, when we were in the dormi-

know?" "I do not know; she did not say; it is very

strange how it can have got here."

A new light suddenly flashed through the mind of Mrs. Moodie. She recollected what Pet's father had told her of the mischief-loving propensities of that young lady. What if all her meekness and docility had been assumed! She glanced up at the window beside Pet's bed, and instantaneously the whole truth dawned

And then a change most wonderful to see came over the features of Mrs. Moodie. Dark, and stern, and determined, she turned from the door, untied the cord, and marched with it directly into the house.

"Miss Hughes," she said, curtly, "go and tell all the teachers and pupils to assemble in the school-room at once. I think I have found out the origin of the disturbance now."

out the origin of the disturbance now."

Wondering and perplexed, Miss Hughes went and delivered her message; and on fire with eager curiosity, a universal rush was made for the classe, and in silent expectation they waited for the coming of Mrs. Moodie.

They had not long to wait. With a hard, metallic tramp, that announced her state of mind that lady rustled in and in omingus si-

mind, that lady rustled in, and in ominous silence took her seat, motioning the others to resume theirs with a wave of her hand. Every eye was bent upon her in silent awe,

as they noticed her stiff, rigid sternness. Her eye passed over the rest, and like a hound scenting his prey, fixed itself piercingly on Pet.
"Miss Lawless," she said, in a stern, meas-

"Miss Lawless," sne said, in a stern, measured tone, "come here."
"Stars and stripes!" ejaculated Pet, inwardly, as she rose to obey; "can she have found me out so soon? Oh, Pet Lawless, maybe you ain't in for it now!"

All eyes were now turned in silent amazement on Pet. Slowly Mrs. Moodie thrust her hand in her pocket, still sternly transfixing Pet with her eyes, and drew out—a piece of

At the sight, all Pet's doubts were removed; she was discovered. Then all personal appre-hensions vanished, her perverse spirit rose, and bold, dauntless and daring she stood before her stern judge—her straight, lithe form defiantly erect, her malicious black eyes dancing with fun.

"Miss Lawless, do you know anything of this?" demanded Mrs. Moodie, holding it up. "Slightly acquainted," said Pet; "saw it last night for the first time." "Will you be kind enough to state for what purpose you borrowed it?"

Yes'm, to have some fun with." "Fun! pray be a little more explicit, Miss Lawless. Was it you that fied it to the door, last night?"

"Yes'm." "And by that means you knocked at the door, and created all the alarm and confusion that so terrified us all," said Mrs. Moodie, with the door, and exclaimed:

a rapidly darkening brow.
"Yes'm," said Pet, loudly, nothing daunted. A low murmur of surprise and horror, at this atrocious confession, ran round the room. "And what was your design in thus throwing the household into terror and consterna-

tion, Miss Lawless?" "I told you before—just for fun," said Pet,

Mrs. Moodie compressed her lips, and though her sallow face was dark with suppressed anger, she remained outwardly calm. Low murmurs of amazement, anger and indignation ran through the room; but Pet stood upright, bold and defiant before them all, as though she had done nothing whatever to be ashamed

"Perhaps, then, since you are so fond of practical jokes, you were the ghost Miss Sharpe saw, likewise," said Mrs. Moodie.
"Yes, I was," said Pet, casting a flashing

glance at that lady, who sat listening, with hands and eyes uplifted in horror. "No, she wasn't," said Miss Sharpe; "the

one I saw was all on fire." 'Silence, Miss Sharpe! leave the matter to ne," said Mrs. Moodie, sternly. Then turning to Pet: "Since you are so candid, Miss Law-less, will you inform me in what manner you

rendered yourself so frightful an object?" "Yes, it was easy enough," said Pet. "J just rubbed some phosphureted ether on my hands and face. It shone in the dark, and scared her; and that was all I wanted.

A profound silence for one moment reigned throughout the room. Every one sat, overwhelmed, looking at each other as though unable to credit what they heard. "And what evil motive had you in terrifying us so?" resumed Mrs. Moodie, after a pause.
"I hadn't any evil motive. I just wanted fun, I tell you. Papa sent me here, and I didn't want to come, but I had to; so, as it was

horrid dull here, I thought I'd just amuse myself scaring you all, and I can't see where was the harm either! I've always been used to do as I like, and this ain't no circumstance to what's to come next!" And Pet's flashing eyes blazed open defiance. Mrs. Moodie rose from her seat, her sallow complexion almost white with anger, her sharp

eyes bright with an angry light. "Some one else will have a voice in this matter, Miss Lawless. Had I been aware of the sort of girl you were, rest assured that much as I respect your father, you should never have entered here. In all my experi ence it has never been my misfortune to encounter so much depravity in one so young I shall instantly write to your father to come and take you home, for no inducement could persuade me to allow you to become a member of this establishment. You will consider your-self expelled, Miss Lawless, and must leave the house as soon as your father can come to

"Well, I'm sure I'm glad of it," said Pet, impatiently; "for of all the stupid old holes I ever saw, this is the worst! I wouldn't be paid to stay here—no, not if you were to make

me president to-morrow for it."
"No such inducement is likely to be offered, Miss Lawless. Your presence here, I can as Miss Sharpe, take sure you, is not coveted. this young lady to one of the spare rooms remain there to watch her until her father comes and removes her. Young ladies, you will now resume your studies as usual." And with a frigid bow, Mrs. Moodie swept

from the room, leaving all behind her lost in a maze of wonder and indignation. Miss Sharpe, with her little eyes glistening, approached and took Pet by the shoulder, to lead her from the room; but Pet angrily jerk-

ed herself free from her hated touch, and ex-"Let me alone! I can walk without your help. Go ahead and I'll follow, but keep your

hands to yourself. Miss Sharpe, finding herself foiled even in Miss Sharpe, finding herself foiled even in the moment of victory, walked sullenly on, and Pet, with head up and elbows squared, tripped the way, Dele," said the judge.

think his name is Hardesty. Concerning his home or his people, I know nothing."

A few minutes later, on some sacks stretched on the floor of the express-car, lay the dead traveler. The lamplight fell over his the detective when with a gry of horser.

The lamplight fell over his the detective when with a gry of horser.

The lamplight fell over his the detective when with a gry of horser.

The lamplight fell over his the detective when with a gry of horser.

The lamplight fell over his the detective when with a gry of horser. An hour after, a long epistle, detailing in glowing colors Pet's wicked actions of the night before, was dispatched by Mrs. Moodie to Judge Lawless.

The result of it was, that the evening of the second day after, that gentleman arrived, nearly beside himself with rage.

Then Mrs. Moodie recapitulated the whole affair, and ended by protesting that no amount of money could prevail upon her to keep so or money could prevail upon her to keep so vicious a child in her school another day. All her pupils would become depraved by her example; and the result would be, their parents would take them home, and thus she would lose her school. Judge Lawless haughtily replied she need be under no apprehension, for he would instantly take his daughter home.

Pet was accordingly dressed, her bag-gage packed up, and brought down to her

With all her boldness she yielded for a moment as she met his eye. But without one single word of comment, he motioned her to precede him into the carriage; and in silence

During the whole journey home, the judge never condescended to open his mouth or address her a single word. Pet, just as well pleased to be left to herself, leaned back in the carriage to meditate new mischief when she

would get home.

But Miss Petronilla Lawless soon found she was not quite so much her own mistress as she

thought. The evening of the second day brought them to Judestown. As they passed the village, entered the forest road, and came within sight of old Barrens Cottage, Pet began to think of Ray and wonder how he was, and if it would be safe to ask her father to let her go

One glance at that gentleman's face, however, convinced her that it would not be safe, and that prudence was by far the safest plan just then. Hoping Erminie might be at the door as she passed, she thrust her head out of the carriage window, when her father silently caught her by the shoulder, pulled her back with no gentle hand, and shut down the

blind. Then the very demon of defiance sprung into the eyes of the elf; and facing round, she to the eyes of the elf; and facing round, she was about to begin a harangue more spirited than respectful; but something in the cold, stern, steely eye bent on her quenched the indignant light in her own and she sulkily relapsed into silence, thinking a "dumb devil" would be more agreeable to her father just then than a falking one.

would be more agreeable to then than a talking one. Ranty was out on the veranda, walking up and down with his hands in his pockets and and down with his hands in his pockets and ''Vankee Doodle." Pet favored whistling "Yankee Doodle." Pet favored him with a nod as she tripped into the house, while Ranty's eyes grew as large as two full moons in his amazement. Darting after her,

"I say, Pet; what in the world brings you home again? I thought you were gone to school!" "So I was."

"So I was."

"Then why are you here?"

"Finished my education. Told you I would in a week," said Pet, with a nod.

"Randolph, go off and mind your business, sir," exclaimed his father, sternly. "Here this way, you."
So saying he caught Pet by the shoulder,

and unceremoniously drew her after him, upstairs into the library. Then shutting the door, he threw himself into his arm-chair, and folding his arms across his chest, favored Pet with an awful look. Miss Lawless, standing erect before him, bore this appalling stare without blushing.
"Well, and what do you think of yourself now, Miss Petronilla Lawless?" was the first

question he deigned to ask her since their meeting.
"Just what I did before," said Pet, nothing

"And what may that be, pray?" said her father, with an icy sneer.
"Why, that I'm a real smart little girl, and can keep my word like a man! I said I'd finish my education and be back in a week, and

A dark frown settled on the brow of the judge, as he listened to this audacious reply; but, maintaining an outer semblance of calm ness, he asked: "And how have you determined to spend

your time for the future, Miss Lawless?"
"Just as I did before—riding round and visiting my friends." A chilling smile settled on the lips of the

So that is your intention, is it? Well, now hear mine. Since you will neither stay at school nor behave yourself as a young lady should when at home, I shall sell your pony and procure you a tutor who will be your teacher and guard at the same time. Whenever you move from the house, either he or I will accompany you; and I shall take proper steps to prevent your visiting any of those you call your friends. You will find, Miss Lawless, I am not to be disobeyed with impunity in the future. Perhaps, after a time, if I find you docile and attentive to my orders, I may forget your past misconduct and restore you some of your 'privileges again.
This, however, will entirely depend on the
manner in which you conduct yourself. I have already a gentleman in view who will undertake the office of tutor, and until he comes I shall have you locked in your room and your meals brought up to you. Not a word, Miss Lawless. I have borne with your impertinence too long, and you will now find I can adopt a different course. Solitude will cool your blood, I trust, and bring you to

your senses So saying, the judge calmly arose, rung the bell, and then reseated himself. You should have seen how Pet stormed and raved, and scolded, then, vowing she would kill herself; she would jump out of the window; she would set the house afire and burn

them all in their beds; she would have no tutor; she would murder him if he came. The judge listened to all this with the most perfect indifference, until the entrance of a

negress put an end to the scene Take Miss Petronilla up-stairs to the attic, and lock her in," was the judge's command. But he soon found this was easier said than done; for, seizing a small chair, Pet brandished it over her head, and threatened instant annihilation to the first who would come near

The judge arose, and with a sudden snatch caught hold of it. Pet clung to it like a hero, scolding and vociferating at the top of her lungs still; but she was as a fly in her father's grasp, and she was speedily disarmed and

as long and as loud as she can, I reckon. An old blue pitcher! Humph! Wish to gracious I had smashed the whole set, and made one job of it.

By this time they had reached the playground; and making her way through the crowd, Pet marched resolutely up to Miss Sharpe, and confronted that lady with an exon as severe as though she were about to have her arrested for high treason.
"Miss Sharpe, look here!" she began.
"I've

been up-stairs and smashed an old blue pitcher.

There "What!" said Miss Sharpe, knitting her

brows, and rather at a loss. 'Miss Lawless was in the children's dormitory, Miss Sharpe," explained the girl who had been Pet's guide, "and she accidentally broke one of the pitchers. She could not help it, I

But I know she could help it," screamed Miss Sharpe. "She has done it on purpose, just to provoke me. Oh, you little limb you! -you unbearable little mischief-maker! deserve to be whipped till you can't stand,"

'See here, Miss Sharpe; you'll be hoarse pretty soon, if you keep screaming that way,' said Pet, calmly.

"I'll go and tell Mrs. Moodie. I'll go this minute. Such conduct as this, you'll see, will not be tolerated here," shrieked the exasperated lady, shaking her fist furiously at Pet "Mrs. Moodie has gone out," said one of the

Then I'll tell her to-morrow. I'll-" Here the loud ringing of a bell put a stop to further declamation, and the girls all flew, flocking in, and marched, two by two, into another large room, where a long supper-table

was laid out. It was almost dark when the evening meal was over. Then the larger girls dispersed themselves to their various avocations, and the younger ones, under the care of a gentler monitor than Miss Sharpe, raced about the long halls and passages, and up and down-

Now was the time Pet had been waiting Gliding, unobserved, up-stairs, she entered the dormitory, and securing one end of the string to the bed-post, let the remainder drop out of the window. Then returning down-stairs, she passed unnoticed through the front hall, and finally secured the other end of the string to the knocker of the door. It was too dark, as she knew, for any one to observe

the cord in opening the door.
This done, she returned to her companions, all aglow with delight at her success so far: and instigated by her, the din and uproar soon grew perfectly unbearable, and the whole phalanx were ordered off to bed half an hour earlier than usual, to get rid of the noise.

As Judge Lawless had said, it was a rigidly strict establishment; and the rule was that, at half-past nine, every light should be extinguished, and all should be safely tucked up in Even Mrs. Moodie herself was no exception to this rule; for, either thinking example better than precept, or being fond of sleeping, ten o'clock always found her in the arms of Morpheus.

Therefore, at ten o'clock, silence, and darkness, and slumber, hung over the establish-ment of Mrs. Moodie. In the children's dormitory, nestling in their white-draped beds, the little tired pupils were sleeping the calm, quiet sleep of childhood, undisturbed by fever ish thoughts or gloomy forebodings of the morrow. Even Miss Sharpe had testily permorrow. mitted herself to fall stiffly asleep, and lay with her mouth open, stretched out as straight as a ramrod, and about as grim. All were asleep-all but one.

One wicked, curly, mischief-brewing little head there was by far too full of naughty thoughts to sleep. Pet, nestling on her pillow, was actually quivering with suppressed delight at the coming fun.

She heard ten o'clock—eleven strike, and

then she got up in bed and commenced opera-tions. Her first care was to steal softly to one of the washstands, and thoroughly wet a sponge, which she placed on the window-ledge within her reach, knowing she would soon have occasion to use it.

Taking some phosphureted ether, which she had procured for the purpose of "fun" before leaving home, she rubbed it carefully over her face and hands.

Reader, did you ever see any one in the dark with their faces and hands rubbed over with phosphureted ether? looking as though they were all on fire—all encircled by flames? If you have, then you know how our Pet looked

Sitting there, a frightful object to contemplate, she waited impatiently for the hour of

midnight to come. The clock struck twelve, at last; the silence was so profound that the low, soft breathing of the young sleepers around her could be plainly heard. In her long, flowing night-wrapper, Pet got up and tiptoed softly across the room to the bed where the cross she-dragon

Now, our Pet never thought there could be the slightest danger in what she was about to do, or, wild as she was, she would most assuredly not have done it. She merely wished to frighten Miss Sharpe for her obstinacy, unbelief in ghosts and crossness, and never gave the matter another thought. Therefore, though it was altogether an inexcusable trick, still Pet was not so very much to blame as may at first

Now she paused for a moment to contemplate the sour, grim-looking sleeper—thinking her even more repulsive in sleep than when awake; and then laying one hand on her face. she uttered a low, hollow groan, destined for her ears alone.

Miss Sharpe, awakened from a deep sleep by the disagreeable and startling conscious ness of an icv-cold hand on her face, started up in affright, and then she beheld an awful vision! A white specter by her bedside, all in fire, with flames encircling face and hands, and sparks of fire seemingly darting from eyes and mouth!

For one terrible moment she was unable to utter a sound for utter, unspeakable horror. Then, with one wild, piercing shriek, she buried her head under the clothes, to shut out the awful specter. Such a shriek as it was No hyena, no screech-owl, no peacock ever uttered so ear-splitting, throat-rending a scream as that. No word or words in the whole En glish language can give the faintest idea of that terrible screech. Before its last vibration had died away on the air, every sleeper in the establishment, including madame herself, had sprung out of bed, and stood pale and trem bling, listening for a repetition of that awful cry. From twenty beds in the dormitory, twenty little sleepers sprung, and immediately began to make night hideous with small edi Miss Sharpe's shriek. Gathering strength from numbers, the twenty voices rose an octave higher at every scream, and yell after yell, in the shrillest soprano, pierced the air, although not one of them had the re motest idea of what it was all about.

At the first alarm, Firefly had flitted swiftly and fleetly across the room, jumped into bed, and seizing the sponge, gave her face and hands a vigorous rubbing; and now stood screaming with the rest, not to say consider-

ably louder than any of them.
"Oh, Miss Sharpe, get up! the house is afire! we're all murdered in our beds!" yelled Pet, going over and catching that lady by the shoulder with a vigorous shake.

And "Oh, Miss Sharpe! Oh, Miss Sharpe! Get up. Oh-oh-oh!" shrieked the terrified

children, clustering round the bed, and those who could springing in and shaking her.

With a disagreeable sense of being half crushed to death, Miss Sharpe was induced to remove her head from under the clothes, and cast a quick, terrified glance around. But the coast was clear-the awful specter was

And now another noise met her ears-the coming footsteps of every one within the walls of the establishment, from Mrs. Moedie down to the little maid-of-all-work in the kitchen. In they rushed, armed with bedroom-candle sticks, rulers, ink-bottles, slate-frames, and various other warlike weapons, prepared to do

battle to the last gasp.

And then it was: "Oh, what on earth is the matter? What on earth is the matter? What

is the matter?" from every lip.

Miss Sharp sprung out of bed and fled in terror to the side of Mrs. Moodie.

terror to the side of Mrs. Moodie.
"Oh, Mrs. Moodie, it was awful! Oh, it was dreadful! With flames of fire coming out of its mouth, and all dressed in white. was terrible! Ten feet high, and all in flames! shrieked Miss Sharpe, like one demented.

"Miss Sharpe, what in the name of Heaven is all this about?" asked the startled Mrs. Moodie, while the sixty "young ladies" clung together, white with mortal fear.

"Oh, Mrs. Moodie, I've seen it! It was frightful! all in flames of fire!" screamed the errified Miss Sharpe.
"Seen it! seen what? Explain yourself,

Miss Sharpe. "Oh, it was a ghost! a spirit! a demon! a fiend! I felt its blazing hands cold as ice on my face. Oh, good Heaven!" And again Miss Sharpe's shriek at the recollection re-

sounded through the room. "Blazing hands cold as ice! Miss Sharpe you are crazy! Calm yourself, I command you, and explain why we are all roused out of our beds at this hour of the night by your shrieks," said Mrs. Moodie, fixing her sharp

eyes steadily upon her.

That look of rising anger brought Miss
Sharpe to her senses. Wringing her hands,

"Oh, I saw a ghost, Mrs. Moodie; an awful ghost! It came to my bedside all on fire,

"A ghost! nonsense, Miss Sharpe!" broke out the now thoroughly enraged Mrs. Moodie, as she caught Miss Sharpe by the shoulder, and shook her soundly. "You have been and shook her soundly. "You have been dreaming; you have had the nightmare; you are crazy! A pretty thing, indeed! that the whole house is to be aroused and terrified in this way. I am ashamed of you, Miss Sharpe and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to terrify those little children committed to your charge in this manner. I never heard of any thing so abominable in my life before," said the angry Mrs. Moodie.
"Oh, indeed, indeed I saw it! Oh, indeed,

indeed I did!" protested Miss Sharpe, wringing her hands.

"Silence, Miss Sharpe! don't make a fool of yourself! I'm surprised at you! a woman of your years giving way to such silly fancies. You saw it, indeed! A nice teacher you are to watch young children! Return to your beds, young ladies; and do you, Miss Sharpe, return to yours; and don't let me ever he anything more about ghosts, or I shall instantly dismiss you. Ghosts, indeed! you're downright fool, Miss Sharpe-that's what you are!" exclaimed the exasperated lady.

But even the threat of dismissal could not totally overcome Miss Sharpe's fears now, and catching hold of Mrs. Moodie's night-robe was turning away, she

claimed: "Oh, Mrs. Moodie, let us have a light in the room for this night at least! I cannot sleep a

wink unless you do."
"Miss Sharpe, hold your tongue! Do you see how you have frightened these children? Go to bed and mind your business. Young ladies, I think I told you before to go to your rooms—did I not?" said Mrs. Moodie, with still increasing anger.

Trembling and terrified, the girls scampered like frightened doves back to their nests; and Mrs. Moodie, outraged and indignant, tramped her way to the bed she had so lately vacated, inwardly vowing to discharge Miss Sharpe as soon as ever she could get another to take her place.

And then the children in the dormitory crept shivering into bed, and wrapped their heads up in the bedclothes, trembling at every sound. And Miss Sharpe, quivering in dread, shrunk into the smallest possible space in hers, and having twisted herself into a round ball under the quilts, tightly shut her eyes, and firmly resolved that nothing in the earth, or in the waters under the earth, should make her open those eyes again that night. And our wicked Firefly, chuckling inwardly over the success of her plot, jumped into hers, thinking of the fun yet to come

An hour passed. One o'clock struck; then two, before sleep began to visit the drowsy eyelids of the roused slumberers again. Having assured herself that they had really fallen asleep at last, Pet sat up in bed softly, opened the window an inch or two, screened from view—had any one been watching her, which there was not-by the white curtains of the

Then, lying composedly back on her pillow, she took hold of her string, and began pull-

ing away.

Knock! knock! knock! Rap! rap! rap! rap! rap!

The clamor was deafening; the music was awful at that silent hour of the night. Up and down the huge brass knocker thundered, wak-ing a peal of echoes that rung and rung through

the house. Once again the house was aroused; once again every sleeper sprung out of bed, in terror, wonder, and consternation.
"Oh, holy saints! what is that? Oh, good

heavens! what can that be at this time?" came heavens! what can that be a simultaneously from every lip.

Rap! rap! rap!

louder and louder still. Every girl flitted from her room, and a uni-

versal rush was made for the apartments of Mrs. Moodie-all but the inmates of the dormitory. Miss Sharpe was too terrified to stir, and the children, following her lead, contented themselves with lying still, and renewing their screams where they had left them off an hour

or so before. Now Mrs. Moodie, half-distracted, rushed out, and encountered her forty terrified pupils

"Oh, Mrs. Moodie! what has happened to- him. One was the Phantom Princess, and the We will all be killed! Oh, listen to night?

Knock! knock! knock! knock! The clamor was deafening.

"We had better open the door, or they will break it down!" said Mrs. Moodie, her teeth chattering with terror.
"Send for Bridget; she is afraid of no

thing!" suggested one of the trembling girls. Two or three of the most courageous made a rush for the kitchen; and Bridget—a strapping nymph of five feet nine, and "stout a -was routed out of bed, to storm the breech.

Faith, thin, I'll open the door, if it was the divil himself!" exclaimed Bridget, resolutely, as she grasped the poker, and, like the leader of a forlorn hope, turned the key in the

Back she swung it with a jerk. The knocking instantly ceased. Up flew the poker, and down it descended with a whack, upon-vacancy! There was no one there! "The Lord be between us an' harm!" ex

claimed Bridget, recoiling back. "The divil a one's there, good, bad, or indifferint!"
"They must have run away when you opened the door!" said Mrs. Moodie, in trem-"There is certainly some one

Bridget descended the steps, and looked up and down the street; but all was silent, lonely, and deserted—not a living creature was to

"Come in and lock the door," said the appalled Mrs. Moodie. "What in the name of Heaven could it have been ?"

"Oh, the house is haunted!-the house is haunted!" came from the white lips of the young ladies, "Oh, Mrs. Moodie! do not ask us to go back to our rooms. We dare not. Let

us stay with you until morning!"
"Very well," said Mrs. Moodie, not sorry to have company; "come into my room. Bridget, bring lights."

The door was unlocked. The frightened girls hustled, pale, and frightened, and shivering with superstition, awe, and undefined apprehension, into Mrs. Moodie's room; while that lady herself, crouching in their midst, was scarcely less terrified than they. Bridget brought in lights; and their coming renewed the courage the darkness had totally quenched.
"Now, Mistress Moodie, ma'am," said Bridget, crossing her arms with grim determina "I'm goin' to sit at that door till mornin', if its plazin to ye, and if thim blackguardly spalpeens comes knockin' dacint people out av their beds ag'in, be this an' that. I'll l'ave the mark of me five fingers on

thim, as sure as my name's Biddy Malone!"
"Very well, Bridget," said Mrs. Moodie. 'It may be some wickedly-disposed person wishing to frighten the young ladies; and if it is, the heaviest penalties of the law shall be

Arming herself with the poker, Bridget softly turned the key in the door, and laid her hand on the lock, ready to open it at a

second's notice. Scarcely had she taken her stand, when knock! knock! it began again; but the third rap was abruptly cut short by her violently jerking the door open, and lifting the poker for a blow that would have done honor to Donnybrook Fair. But a second time it fell, with a loud crack, wpon—nothing! Far or near, not a soul was to be seen. Bridget was dismay-For the first time in her life, a sensatio of terror filled her brave Irish heart. Slamming the door violently to, she locked i again, and rushed, with open eyes and mouth, into the room where the terror-stricken mis

tress and pupils sat, mute with fear.

"Faith, it's the divil himself that's at it Lord pardon me for namin' him! Och, holy martyrs! look down on us this night fo poor, disconsolate set ov craythers, and the Cross of Christ be between us and all harm! And dropping a little bob of a courtesy Bridget devoutly cut the sign of the cross or

her forehead with her thumb. Unable to speak or move with terror, ls. and servants crou gether, longing and praying wildly for morning

Again the knocking commenced, and con tinued, without intermission, for one whole mortal hour. Even the neighbors began to be alarmed at the unusual din, and windows wer opened, and night-capped heads thrust out to see who it was who knocked so incessantly Three o'clock struck, and then, Pet beginnin to feel terribly sleepy, and quite satisfied with the fun she had had all night, cut the cord, and drew it up. The clamors, of course, instantly ceased; and five minutes after, Firefly, the wicked cause of all this trouble, was peace

fully sleeping. But no other eye in the house was destined to close that night—or, rather, morning. Huddled together below, the frightened flock waited for the first glimpse of morning sunlight, thinking all the while that never there a night so long as that. Up in the children's dormitory, all—from Miss Sharpe downward-lay in a cold perspiration of dread, trembling to stay where they were, yet, not daring to get up and join their compan

"I'll never stay another night in this dreadful place if I only live to see morning!" was the inward exclamation of every teacher

and pupil who could by any means leave. And so, in sleepless watchfulness, the dark, silent hours of morning wore on; and the first bright ray of another day's sunlight streaming in through the windows, never beheld an as semblage of paler or more terrified faces than were gathered together in the establishment

of Mrs. Moodie. (To be continued—commenced in No. 290.)

Nick Whiffles' Pet:

NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

CHAPTER XIII.

A JUVENILE WOOING.
THE next morning after the meeting of Miona and Ned Hazel, the lad went early to Miona and Ned Hazel, the lad went early to have spoken. It puzzled him greatly, but at the trap that had been visited by her. He last he fathomed the mystery. found a squealing beaver in it, but there was no kind hand near to set it free. He let it cry for a while in the hope of drawing his visitor to the spot.

But, although he waited some time, she came not, and he was compelled to kill and carry it home. The same thing took place on the second morning, but the third saw his ardent wishes gratified.

There was no beaver in his trap, and he stood feeling as grieved and disappointed as a young gentleman could well feel whose dearest hopes had been blasted, and who was ready to lie down and die in despair.

other was Miona, her daughter. They were standing side by side, neither dressed in white, but both in the brilliantly colored dress of the Blackfoot squaws who stood high in the graces

of their warrior husbands. Ned blushed, and saluted them with natural

gallantry. Myra said:
"I am looking for Nick Whiffles; is he at

"He was there an hour ago, when I left; he is cleaning up his gun, so if you want to see him, you will find him there. I will show you the way.'

"No; I do not wish you to do it," said she, interposing. "I know the way there myself. I only wanted to make certain of finding him." "I am sure he is there; it is all of two miles distant, and you had better let me go with you," said Ned, who did not like the idea of losing the companionship of the girl, now that

she had been so long coming.
"I would prefer that you should remain here," she said, quite earnestly. "I wish to see him on very particular business, and wish "You don't suppose I would stay near,

while you are talking," said the lad, reproach fully.
"No, but I shall leave Miona here until I return, and, as she says you and she are ac

quainted, I had hopes that you would be will ing to remain and keep her company. "Oh! I'll do that!" exclaimed Ned, his face glowing with delight. "I have my gun with me, and I will take the best of care of her.'

"Don't be gone too long," said the young maiden, as her mother started to move away. "I will be back by noon, she replied, as sh

kissed her good-by, and speedily vanished in the forest. "I only wish it was night," thought Ned, as he realized that he was alone with the one of whom he had been dreaming day and

night, ever since he had first met her. But he felt certain of several hours with her and a sense of pleasurable delight came over him, as he suspected that Miona was quite willing to spend that time in his company.

Innocent and pure-minded as was Miona and ignorant too, of the great emotion of love she was artless and unembarrassed. Ned, des pite his backwoods training, was naturally polite, his genuine goodness of heart resemb ling, in a great measure, the kind nature of Nick Whiffles.

"I am so sorry for mother," said the girl, as the two unconsciously walked away in the direction of the river.

Why, what's the matter with her?" "Something dreadful—she would not tell me what—but she has done nothing but cry and pray ever since we started from home. I saw the Indians scowl at her, and several of them seem to be angry about something; but she cries so much that I have been crying,

And her pretty eyes filled with tears, while Ned wanted to comfort her, and wasn't exactly certain how it should be done.

"I didn't see that anything much was the matter with her," he said. "She wasn't crying when she went by here."

Because she has wept so much that she can not. I am glad Nick Whiffles is at home, for if she had been disappointed in seeing him, I don't know what she would have done

"If Nick can do anything in the world for her, he'll do it; I know Nick." I can't understand how he is to help her,' continued Miona, with a look of great per-"for she has a good many friends among the Indians, and she is considered a sort of queen among them. But I think it must have something to do with that white

man the Indians have in the Death Lodge. Who is he?" asked the astonished Ned. Somebody followed us in a canoe, and the Blackfeet caught him, and I suppose they will put him to death, as they have a good many others. She keeps talking about somebody named Hugh; do you know anybody

Ned did not, although had she said Bandman,

would have recognize

"Well," added Miona, with a sigh, "I suppose she bank of the river, and yonder is my

"Let us go look at it." "You can ride in it if you choose."

The boat, of a natural dusky bark color, lay but a short distance away, and the two made

"We have a long time to wait; let us cross over to the other side and explore it," said the girl, stepping lightly into it.

their way to it.

Ned was only too happy to join in the excursion, so he followed her and took up the oar. "Which way shall we go?" he asked, forgetting that she had just given him the direc-

"Across. I said: or, if you wish it, you can go up or down, but we mustn't be away when his gullet. er returns. Ned handled the oar with no little skill, and

he sent the light canoe skimming swiftly over the river, which at this particular place was quite broad. Miona sat in the prow of the boat, as though

she was mistress of the situation, her large, lustrous eyes fixed upon Ned Hazel, who blushing deeply, plied the paddle with all the grace of which he was capable. Touching the opposite bank, the girl sprung

lightly out, and he followed her, pausing only long enough to draw the canoe up out of the way of the current.

The boy carried his rifle with him, as was his invariable custom, and he only wished that | and linen. some huge bear or other animal would cross prattling maiden at his side how much he was willing to do for her; but no danger appeared, and he could only do his best to keep pace with the wonderful volubility of her tongue.

Meager as was the education of Ned Hazel, he could tell from the conversation of the girl that she had acquired a great deal of knowledge, and he concluded at once that the Phantom Princess must be a personage of wonderful wisdom to have taught such a small girl.

Now and then he stole a side glance at her. and on each occasion he was reminded of that singular, shadowy resemblance, of which we

It came upon him all at once. She looked like the trapper Bandman, who sat next to him in the canoe. Strange that he had not noticed it before!

"Have you always lived among the Indians?" asked Ned, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully beside the girl.
"Ever since I can remember," she replied;

'but you can see I am not an Índian. Why do you ask?"
"I have often wondered, since I saw you

the other day, how it was that you and your mother were in this out-of-the-way place. "So you have been thinking of me?" asked While in this miserable mood, he raised his Miona, turning her laughing face toward that eyes and saw two persons standing before of her companion.

"I should think I had," replied Ned, again blushing. "I haven't thought of much else. I asked Nick all about you."

"And what did he tell you?" "He told me to keep still, and he didn't

know anything to tell me. 'I guess he don't know much about me, but

he has heard of mother before.' "Yes, but I couldn't get him to tell any thing about her. Fact is, he don't seem

like to talk much about her? "Have you lived in the woods ever since you can remember?" asked the girl.

"No," was the prompt response. "I was born in some city, and left here by somebody." "You don't know by whom? How strange that neither of us can tell how it is we came

"Do you love this life?" Miona was silent a few moments before she

answered:

"Yes; but sometimes, when mother has told me of the cities and countries that are all over this beautiful world, I feel a longing to go and see them." "So do I," said Ned, with compressed lips. "I have a kind of faint memory of things very different from these, and I will tell you some-

thing, Miona, if you will keep it a secret." "Of course I will." "I don't intend to spend my life here. When

I get to be a man—"
"Why, you are nearly a man now!" interrupted the girl, with a laugh.
"Do you think so?" asked Ned, delighted.
"Well, when I get to be a man I'm going to

leave this place and see the world."
"I would do so, too, if I were you." "And, Miona, why won't you go with me?" "Oh! I can't leave mother," said the startled

girl; "what would become of me? But I will try and coax her to go." Ned took the hand of the girl as they walked back toward the river, and told of his dreams of what he would do when he should reach the state of manhood. She listened attentively for several moments, and then suddenly

'Mother is calling me, and we must hurry back!"

CHAPTER XIV.

A FRIEND IN NEED. NICK WHIFFLES sat in the front of his cabin,

cleaning his rifle.
"It don't much need it, I swa'r!" he muttered, as he drew the greased rag through the barrel, and then squinted down the shining bore, "'cause only t'other day I done the same thing; but, then, as I hain't got anything better on hand, I'll do it by way of exercise." He smiled to himself at his own conceit, as,

having extracted the last speck of grimy powder from the piece, he began screwing it on to the stock again.

This done, he proceeded to screw the cap upon the ramrod. "There's nothing like having every thing in order, as my grandfather used to obsarve when he used to larrup us boys with his cane, so as to put us in a meditative mood.
"There!" he exclaimed, when every thing

was finished, "I reckon she'll do. try it."

The pinch of powder was poured down the narrow bore, and then the bullet was rammed home. A cap was placed on the tube, and then he raised the piece as lovingly as though

it were a sentient being capable of reciprocating his affection. "Hello! yender is a squirrel a-settin' purty high up on that limb. Ef old Nick hasn't lost

his cunning, he wouldn't want a better chance for barking you." The piece was brought to his shoulder, and his eye ran along the barrel for an instant, when there was a sharp, not over-loud explo-sion, and the tiny animal flew several inches above the limb upon which it was perched, and dropped like a chunk of wood to the

The hunter, without stirring from the log upon which he was sitting, deliberately reloaded his piece, and then walked to where the squirrel was lying. Picking it up, he turned it over several times in his hand, and smiled as he saw there was not a wound upon The unerring bullet had struck the bark

ground.

directly beneath the belly of the animal, and sent up a shower with such violence as to fatally stun the creature, without breaking its skin.
"The piece is good, and Nick Whiffles' eye

is still true. Here, Calamity, you've had your breakfast, but you can take this by way of a lunch. With which he tossed it to the pup standing at his side. As he did so, the capacious jaws

of the dog opened, and it was cleverly caught between them. There was a crunching sound. and the next minute it had disappeared down 'There ain't much symptoms of your appe

tite failing, pup," remarked the hunter, as he turned toward the cabin. "I don't think you'll ever die that way." Casting his eye to the left, he saw his horse, Shagbark, lazily cropping the grass, the picture of contentment. Setting down his rifle just within the door, Nick proceeded to a large, old-fashioned box in the corner, which he opened with a rusty key that he carried about

Within were a number of bottles, a few Indian trinkets, and a bundle of clothes, that had belonged to a little child. There were the tiny shoes, the stockings, a handsome dress, apron,

Nick was thoughtful, and his usually jocund their path, that he might show the beautiful face was sad and downcast. He held up the articles to the light, and examined them with the tenderness of a parent who had buried her child, and was now looking over the relics left behind.

"Them garments was around Ned Hazel, when I found him floating in Elk River, in the canoe. I s'pose some mother has sewed 'em together, and if she's living, she is still shedding tears over the boy that has never come back to her ag'in. I feel that I have done wrong in not finding the real owner of Ned. I did try, but all the time I was praying that I wouldn't l'arn any thing, and I didn't. orter tried harder; much as I love the lad, there's somebody somewhere that's got a better claim to him than I have, and if the good Lord will guide me, he shall be given back to them that he belongs to. I love him, as much as his own father or mother kin—but I've no right to

keep him in the woods, when a younker of his parts is sure to make his mark in the world. More than once while communing in this style, he brushed the moisture from his eyes, and then he attentively studied some marks

upon the linen. These marks were simply the initials "E. M." and beyond question they were the initials of the boy who was known as Ned Hazel,

Nick Whiffles possessed little, if any, book-learning; but he was able to identify these.

"I s'pose they stand for the lad's name.



paid the fearful penalty of his remissness of approach of the whites to land.

In the hubbub and excitement Woo-wool-na did not lose his presence of mind. He knew that the fugitive could be at no great distance, and he gave orders for a dozen of his fleetest warriors to scatter and search the woods in every direction for him.

He suspected that the prisoner had outside help in making his escape, and he entered the Death Lodge himself and made a careful examination. The thongs lay upon the ground, and a glance showed that they had not been cut but gnawed in two.

He had given instructions to his men to bind the white man, so that he could not get his hands to his mouth, and he concluded at once that this precaution had been neglected and he had freed himself in this way.

The other two sentinels, dreading the displeasure of their chief, had taken care to scatter as soon as the alarm spread, so that this means of information was taken from him.

His next inquiry was regarding the Phantom She had been seen by a number early in the evening; but, upon repairing to her lodge, both she and her daughter were

His soul filled with fury when he learned this, for he needed no stronger proof that it was through her connivance that the first and only victim had passed from this fated room without going to his death.

All inquiry could learn nothing further about her. No one had seen her within a few hours, and he had now only to rely upon his own cunning to frustrate her daring attempt to outwit him.

He stood for a moment in deep thought, and

then he roused up ready to act.

Well aware of the marvelous skill of the princess in the use of her oar, he concluded that it would be called in requisition upon the present occasion. Somewhere, therefore, at no great distance up the river, she was now, or soon would be, with her charge.

Striding from the lodge, Woo-wol-na made his way to the shore, where several canoes were always lying. He was accompanied by a half-dozen of his truest and tried warriors,

and he still had strong hopes of success.

It was barely possible that the fugitives had gone down the stream; but as this course would have carried them further away from what must have been their destination, he did not believe that contingency probable enough to warrant any effort in that direction "Up-stream," said he, as he seated himself

in the bow, "and row as best you can."

There were no "slouches" in the canoe, and the boat fairly skimmed over the surface of the river.

The moon was as clear and powerful as upon the preceding night, and the Indian boat shot out directly in the center, as though disdaining the current, which, in reality, was so slight as to cause scarcely any perceptible impediment.

For a half-mile the progress was continued in this manner, and then Woo-wol-na gave the word for the boat to turn nearer shore, where the stream flowed more slowly. His reason for doing this was, in the wind-

ings of the river there were many places where there was quite deep shadow, of which he wished to avail himself. If the whites were fy any error, and the devoted wife now called upon the river, and should discern their pursuers, and should find there was danger of their being overtaken, they could easily run in to shore, and so long as the darkness lasted could keep out of the way of all pursuers.

His wish, therefore, was to steal upon them, if possible, so as to intercept and prevent any such flank movement.

The Indians used their paddles with amazing strength and skill; nothing but the ripple of the water from the prow and the soft wash "Do you think we shall be pursued?" asked from their oars could be heard, as they glided along shore with such swiftness.

never to tire. Several miles were passed and still nothing was seen or heard of the fugitives.

ply.

"It must be near morning, isn't it?" look out for the first indications of the parties for whom he was searching.

Ah! it would have gone ill with the Phan-

tom Princess had she fallen into his power at this time.

His whole soul was aroused, and he was in that mood when helpless wemanhood or youthful innocence would have appealed to his

Fully a half-dozen miles were passed, and he still relaxed not his vigilance in the least. He uttered the exclamation with such force

ful suddenness that all the warriors stopped rowing on the instant. He explained pointing ahead to where, near the center of the stream, and so far away as to be only dimly visible, the white canoe of the Phantom Princess was to be seen.

The next instant, the paddles were dipped deep, and the Indian canoe shot forward with a speed that seemed about to tear her in two. Great as was the skill of the woman, the chief was confident that his warriors could overtake

When Myra Bandman vanished so suddenly from the sight of the Hudson Bay trappers, who were pursuing her, it was only by one of her strokes no more skillful than the hundreds by which she kept beyond their reach all the ing the woods in every direction, Woo-wol-na in their arrers round my head like hailstones.

She was very close to the shore at the time and growing weary of the race, she made a hooved him to see that his friends were not dextrous flirt of her paddles that sent the stolen upon and recaptured. canoe ander the overhanging undergrowth like a flash, where it was concealed from any who might be passing within a few feet.

But Woo-wol-na was familiar with her bled a canoe. He scrutinized it several mostratagems, and there was no danger of his ments, until there could no longer be any being deceived by any of them. His purpose was to keep them in view until they had ap proached near enough to send several rifle shots after them, by which he hoped at least so to disable them as to render further flight

They had gone some distance before the fugitives gave evidence of discovering their | skill, but your arm is not as strong as mine, danger; then the race began in dead earnest. As my readers are aware, the Phantom Princess carried her husband, daughter, Nick Whiffles and the dog, so that she was under

that the Blackfeet were gaining quite rapidly. Woo-wol-na was the first to see this, and he cheered his men to renewed exertions. strained every muscle and gained faster and

faster. Just what the wary chief feared now took place. Instead of keeping in the middle of the river, where they were in plain view, the fugitives began making for the shore. With a howl of rage, the savage raised his rifle and fired. To his amazement it was answered from the canoe ahead, and the bullet sung rather uncomfortably close to his own head. But the exertions of his men were not re-

his tomahawk descended upon the skull of the laxed in the least. If possible, they toiled the doesn't feel much like palaverin' over this doomed Indian, who sunk in his tracks and harder, and turned aside as if to head off the matter. I wouldn't give much for the hair of

The distance was too great to accomplish any thing by this manuever, and to the chagrin of the Blackfeet, while they were watching the swan-like flight of the canoe, it flew under the shrubbery along shore and was lost to view.

But Woo-wol-na and his warriors had marked the point where it had disappeared, and they kept on straight toward it, shooting in under the bushes only a few moments behind.

But there was no boat visible. It had

vanished as suddenly as when pursued by the trappers.

But Woo-wol-na knew what this meant, The instant she had landed, the light boat had been caught up in the grasp of her friends, who would probably carry it half a mile and

then launch it again.

Very well; if they could do that, so could he. Not hoping to overtake her in the woods, or to tell at what precise point she would embark again, the Blackfeet made a rapid but wide detour through the forest, and coming back to the river at a point fully a mile above.

Here it was placed in the water again, and

they paused and listened. Nothing of the other boat was to be heard. "They will soon pass here!" said the chief;

we will wait for them.' Like a panther crouching under the bank and waiting for its victim, the five Indians lay in wait. Daylight broke and found them still there, but they waited, for Woo-wol-na knew that he was right, and his prey must sooner or later pass in front of him, where escape would

Yes; he was right.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"ALL UP!" THE escape of Hugh Bandman from the Death Lodge of the Blackfeet was in accordance with the scheme of Nick Whiffles, and,

as the reader has learned, succeeded perfectly. I have shown how well the pup Calamity performed his part, and how the prisoner followed him out at the very moment that he was directed to do so. Without looking to the right or left, he headed straight for the wood, where he was met by Nick, who whispered:
"Foller me, and don't make no noise."

The old trapper then headed toward the river, which was reached before the alarm of

"I don't know how long they'll watch that burnin' punk," said he, as they paused on the edge of the river; "but it ain't likely they'll stay there long, and then there's a chance fur a powerful diffikilty. Here we are!"

As the last exchanging was uttered, they came upon the white conce in which Many

came upon the white canoe, in which Myra and her daughter were seated. In that moment, terrible from its anxiety, husband and wife embraced, and mingled their tears.

But it was only for an instant, and while

Miona was wondering what it all meant, they took their seats in the canoe and shoved out from shore, Myra, as a matter of course, handling the paddle.

The weight in the boat was more than it

all her energies into play.

They had not gone far, when Nick saw that another serious oversight had been committed. The oar which the lady held in her hand was the only one in the boat. They ought to have had two more, at least, for him and Hugh, by which the speed of the canoe could have been doubled without difficulty. As it was, she insisted upon using it herself; so that they could

Bandman, turning toward Nick, who was calong shore with such swiftness.

On, on they pressed, their muscles seeming part he had performed. "I don't think so-I know so," was the re

we must do all we kin; do you know I feel rain; so I hurried up to git ready fur it. But mighty mean, to set here and see that woman use that paddle?" "So do I, but how can we help it? But she

will get tired of this after a while, and then she'll have to give us a chance- Hillo! what's

"It's the alarm at the village; they've found out you're off, and now the fun will begin." Precisely where the fun came in was mor than the rest of the party could see. With the first sound of the commotion, the Phantom Princess increased the speed of the canoe to the highest point.

This, as has already been said, was far less than her ordinary speed, on account of the unusual weight in the canoe. There was little said, for every member

the company was deeply impressed with the seriousness of the situation, and they felt that it was a time for deeds and not for talk. When the lady had carried the canoe sev

eral miles, her husband insisted so strongly upon taking the paddle in hand that she con ented, and he sent it forward with a speed fully equal to hers.

While this was going on, the watchful Nick was on the look-out for pursuers. He knew that while the Blackfoot warriors were scourwas too sharp to forget the river. He was sure to take that means of pursuit, and it be-dash right through the red-skins, out inter the

Nick was feeling quite hopeful, when his heart gave one extra throb as he discerned a the excitement. Thet made a sort uv openin dark object far down the river which resemdoubt, when he announced his discovery.

"The varmints are coming, sure."
"Let me take the paddle, then," said Myra, with some alarm, as she reached out her hand for it.

No, wife," he replied, without checking his labor in the least; "you have wonderful and I can carry this boat forward with as it w'u'dn't do fur me to stand still a second, so much speed as you."
"Oh, Heaven favor us!" she prayed, as she

covered up her face, as if to shut out the sight such disadvantage that she could not call into of those who, after being so many years her play all her astonishing skill, and the race had friends, she now regarded as her bitterest enenot continued five minutes when it was evident | mie

Nick Whiffles was watching the coming canoe as a cat watches a mouse. It did not take him long to see that the Indians were coming up "hand-over-hand;" consequently there was like thet. no use in attempting to compete with them,

when the result of the race was inevitable. Certain of this, he said as much, and at his suggestion the canoe was headed toward By the aid uv the lightnin' thet w'u'd streak shore. Seeing this, as has already been shown, the Blackfeet sent a spiteful shot after

"By gracious! that looks like business!" ex-'I guess Woo-wol-na is in that boat, and he

any of us if they catch us."

It was Nick who fired the return shot that came so startlingly near the Indians. He had no expectation and no wish to strike the pursuers, but it struck him that it might serve to show them that, if it should come to be a fight, there would be some of it done by both parties.

Reaching the shore, all sprung out at once, and Nick and Hugh caught up the boat by concert, and plunged into the woods with it. Thus the suspicions of Woo-wol-na proved correct, for the fugitives were attempting the very stratagem of which I have spoken.

We'll come back to the river about a halfmile up," said Nick, thus unconsciously running into the very trap that had been set for

This was done, they reaching the river at just about that distance from the startingpoint. Here the boat was launched, and they

all took their seats in it again.

They remained concealed, not wishing to put out until they could gather some idea of the locale of their enemies. They listened and watched, but saw and heard nothing. Calamity made a short reconnoissance through the surrounding woods, but he gave no indications

of learning anything. "It's beginning to get light in the east," said Bandman, who was quite impatient at the delay; "it seems to me we are losing very precious time."

"Go ahead," replied Nick, "but keep close to the shore, and be ready to dart under at any minute."

In this way they coasted along, until they had gone a good distance, and the sun was rising. Nick Whiffles had taken the paddle, and reaching a sharp point, he said: "We'll go in here awhile and make a few

observations." As he spoke, he shot round the point, and Calamity gave a low growl.
"What is it, pup?" asked his master, in

A wail went up from Myra, as Woo-wol-na's canoe suddenly shot out, less than a dozen yards distant, and made straight for them. Nick Whiffles saw that it was all up, and he made no attempt to escape! (To be continued—commenced in No. 295.)

FREEDOM'S MONUMENT.

BY EDWARD JAMESON.

Though 'tis most fitting there should be For the dead sons of Liberty. A monument, to show the part They played to free her sacred heart And life from infamy and wrong, And fiferce assaults of foemen strong, (Which every tyrant under heaven Hath made, since man, from Eden driven, Has sought upon this fair, green earth, Where he might find a freer birth); There yet abides a nobler shrine Within the realms of the divine; Where Freedom's self in form appears, Her eyes wet with divinest tears, And, bending as a suppliant low, She mourns her dead forever so. That unseen monument will stand Secure in that immortal land, Above the ravages of time Undimmed, untarnished and sublime; While those we raise but briefly tell How gloriously they fought and fell; Then quickly into ruins fall, Forgot, alas! too soon by all.

In a Panther's Den.

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

"WAL, boys! I s'pose you ar' waitin' fur ne," said Bill Hadley, as, at the close of an-

other day, we seated ourselves around the fire, and called for the accustomed story.

"A little later in the season, five yurs ago, I war in the Apash kentry. An' arter a hard day's ride, I hed halted by Canon Crik, a fork uv Bill Williams' river. It war already gittin' quite dark, an' the sky war es black es thar war goin' to be a hard I hed hardly picked out a campin'-place, an' got my hoss tethered, when I heerd a loud war-'hoop frum the bushes thet growed on the

bank uv the crik 'bove me. "The minnit I heerd that cry, I knowed thet it cum frum sum Apash Injuns concealed thar. Thet they meant to 'tack me, I didn't fur a minnit doubt. I hed seen sign uv'em quite plenty thet day; but I hed avoided 'em s much es possible, an' hed hoped to pass the night unmolested by 'em. But the Apash ar the meanest uv all mean Injuns. They never tack enny one unless the chances ar' all on their side; an' will never meet in open fight ef it can possibly be avoided. But they will go sneakin' through the bushes, stealin' yer hosses, an' killin' you while you sleep, not givin' ye a single chance fur yer life. Cuss 'em!

I owe 'em a grudge, ennyway.
"When I seed I war goin' to be 'tacked by the sneakin' varmints, my fust thought was to git to my hoss; but afore I c'u'd do it, a cussed red skin jumped out uv the bushes, an' cut his fastenin's. 'Quit thet, you cussed devil!' I shouts, an' ups my rifle, an' blazes away, knockin' him over quick.

"Afore I cu'd git enny furder, howsumever, the red-skins all leaped frum their cover, sendwoods beyont. Es the hoss rushed through 'em, the red-skins jumped back each way to let him pass, none thinkin' uv ketchin' him in through 'em, an' I knowed thet then war my time, ef ever. So clubbin' my rifle, I rushed through the gap, smashin' the head uv more than one Apash, thet kem within reach uv me. But es the varmints war not expectin' my suddint 'tack, I cleared inter the woods, afore they hed hardly struck a blow.

"Es soon es I got into the woods, I knowed that I sh'u'dn't hav much trouble uv gittin' away frum the red-skins, es it war quite dark then, an' the sky was blacker than ever. I kept movin' down through the woods es fast

es I c'u'd. "The last mile thet I hed cum thet day, I hed noticed that the kentry hed kept growin wilder an' rougher, es I rode along; an' so it was thet night. The furder I went the rougher it growed, till it got so thet it w'u'dn't hev bin hardly safe fur a man to hev gone along in the daytime-much more in a night

"It hed got to be so dark thet I c'u'dn't see my hand afore me; an' to make the thing acrost the heavens every now an' then, I managed to git along a little; but keepin' a sharp lookout at every flash, to find sum shelter to git under till the rain sh'u'd git over. claimed Nick, as he sighted his gun in return. skins hed gone out of hearin', an' I felt thar was no more danger frum 'em.

"I hed given up the idee uv goin' enny furder, an' hed leaned up 'gainst a big rock to git out uv the rain, thet war then kemin' down thick an' fast, es much es possible, when than kem another flash of lightnin' brighter than guny I hed seen an' as it lit up the sur than enny I hed seen, an' es it lit up the sur-roundin' place, I see'd, but a short distance ahead, what looked like the mouth uv a cave. I thought thet would be a good place to git out uv the rain, so when the next flash uv lightnin' kem I went fur it, an' managed to reach it, though I kem nigh runnin' off a preipice, thet war right in frunt uv it. But I ed got thar, an' thought I war all right.

"I found the cave bigger than I expected, an' by stoopin' a leetle I c'u'd walk in so es to git wholly out uv the rain. This I hed done, an' war 'bout to sit down, so es to take it fair an' easy, when I heerd a low growl, jest ahead av me. Then, es I quickly looked in thet direction, I see'd two bright spots, thet looked ike two balls uv fire. The minnit I see'd 'em pots my ha'r stood on eend, fur I knowed thet hey war painter's eyes, an' thet I hed run into painter's den!

"My fust thought, arter diskiverin' the painter, was to slip out an' git away without 'sturbin' him; but the fust move I made he gived another fierce growl, an' I c'u'd hear him lash his tail, though it war so dark thet I c'u'd see nothin' but his eyes. Ef it hed bin light, I sh'u'dn't hev cared much fur him, but thar in the dark, an' on thet onsartin' footin' I didn't care to tackle him. I hed neglected to reload my rifle arter my scrimmage with the Injuns, so I hed only my knife to work with An' under the circumstances I concluded thet the easiest way I c'u'd git 'long with the painter was the best. So, with my right hand upon the handle uv my knife, ready fur instant use, I fixed my eyes straight upon the painter's, an' stood thar perfectly still, all thet

night, waitin' fur daylight to come.
"I tell ye, boys, thet war a tedious night's watch. The storm hild up 'bout midnight, but it warn't light enuff fur me to see enny thing in the cave. Every time it thundered I expected the painter w'u'd spring upon me But he didn't do it. An'es soon es it kem light, so thet I c'u'd see, I gripped my knifehandle with a firm hold, an' bracin' myself fur the shock, I shook my fist right in the pain-

"Thet ar' painter warn't long in 'ceptin' my challenge, but crouchin' low one instant, the next, he bounded through the air straight fur me. But I war ready fur him, an' put my knife up to the handle in the brute's breast; an' then, I stepped aside, to let the critter pass An' he did pass, too, with a vengeance, goin right over the precipice, in his headlong course. But it war jest es well fur me. hed got rid uv him, an' thet was enuff.

When I hed got a leetle rested, arter my bresh with the painter, I worked my way down to whar he lay, an' got meat enuff to last me a couple uv days. Then I went back to the place whar I hed intended to camp the night afore, hevin' made up my mind to strike the trail uv the Apashes, an' foller on arter 'em, an' try an' git back my hoss. Howsum-ever, I war saved thet job by findin' him, afore I hed gone a great ways. He hed kept out uv the way uv the red-skins, an' by so doin', hed saved me a good deal uv trouble. Quickly mountin' him, I left thar at onct. Not know-in' but the sneakin' Apashes might be skulkin in the bushes, I kept my eyes peeled fur 'em; but I see'd nothin' uv 'em. An' I got away none the wuss fur my night's adventure. But es long es I live, I shall never furgit the dark, stormy night I spent in thet narrer cave, standin' in a cramped position, watchin' a painter's eyes."

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TWENTY YEARS.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Another log put on the fire, and fetch your cheer up here, For since you promised to obey to-night it's twenty year:
It's twenty years ago, my wife, since the parson made us one,
And we've had more quarrels and things like that than any under the sun.

You're a bigger woman than I am, wife, and you rather held your own
Whenever you got your dandruff up and brought the broomstick down.
I've evacuated these premises sometimes in hasty haste When I crossed you in a syllable—I had no time to darkness fell like a pall over all the scene.

We've lived together for twenty years and fought most all the way, And I've had to be very particular of everything And if ever I'd make a mistake in grammar and call you a fool, You never failed to exhibit your grit, good wife, as a general rule.

Your affectionate arm has encircled my neck full many times and oft,
But the way your hands caressed my hair was anything but soft;
And you have bitten my ears in such a tender and

loving way That they have almost been chawn off, I'm very sorry to say.

l always strived to be good to you, and it didn't take you long To make me thoroughly comprehend when I was doing wrong; The skillet would bring a presentiment that all things wasn't right,
And I'd never stop for my hat to get out of your
reach and sight.

Good wife, you needn't be afraid; draw a little closer your cheer,
You know I never would hurt you; put down that shovel, my dear!
I'm willing to-night to admit that I was half in the wrong
In every fuss we have had as through life we went along:

l'll acknowledge half of the fault to-night—now, wife, please don't be rash,
Quit! stop! cease! for mercy sake, there goes the table to smash!
That shove!! Oh, Lord! I beg your pard—my head! there goes the light!
It was every bit my fault; ouch, where is the door! good-night!

What a "Bohemian" Saw

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

SOMETHING very strange happened to Aleck Drew, something very distressing to Olivia

Mr. Drew was walking very briskly over a lonely country road, all his earthly equip-ments in the little bundle which hung from his stick over one shoulder, the very essence of light-heartedness someway conveyed in the merry tune he was whistling, the clear notes of which penetrated far into the surrounding All persons would not have been solitudes. merry under his present circumstances, but Aleck was a philosopher as well as a genius.

He had been recently engaged as reporter upon a leading local newspaper, but a tendency to substitute imaginary sensations for actual incidents had led to a sharp reprimand from the proprietor, whereupon Mr. Drew threw up the position in disgust, and, having already overdrawn his salary, left his trunk in liquidation of a fortnight's board, and trudged out of the country town without a dollar in his pocket. His destination was another large own still some miles ahead of him, where he fancied he might turn his Bohemian talents to some account, for, in addition to his late attempt in a reportorial capacity, he had been at various intervals of his five-and-twenty years of life artist, actor, musician, lecturer, and if he had achieved no very brilliant success, he was what is called "clever" in each and every

It was within half an hour of sunset, and the sky was full of ominous, copper-colored clouds, the heavy air was portentous of brooding storm, but, notwithstanding this and the partner. That opening seemed felicitous. Do Brinle distance he had yet to traverse, Mr. Drew halted suddenly in his line of march. It was ill-health and his unwillingness to spare you only a wildly picturesque scene which attracted his artist eye, and in a moment he had out pencils and Bristol board, and was sketching in bold outline a study for future more careful delineation. There was a turbulent little river. fringed by a forest of ragged pines, through a break in which a flood of that ruddy light streamed down and ensanguined it, while bluff upon bluff rose away in the background. artist himself was enseonced in a sheltered nook, and never observed how those lurid clouds were driving and darkening through the sky until the boisterous wind currents swept downward and caught the tops of the forest trees and lashed them desperately. in a moment, as it were, the river seemed to be running up-stream in short, chopping waves, the intermittent gusts came harder with each succeeding one, and a sound of carriage wheels grinding the gravel rose suddenly on one of the calmer intervals. In the next an excited voice was borne upon the wind:

"Make those horses fly if you can, Brinley. Why, only think of it, man! Three years absent from my wife, and left her on our wedding-day. No wonder I can scarcely wait

to get home again," It was a strange thing that she ceased

hearing from you so suddenly. Looking out from his perch, Aleck could distinctly see the open carriage, with its two occupants, being slowly driven up the incline which the road followed; one a young, wiry fellow, bronzed and bearded, the other a thickset, middle-aged man, who held the reins in one hand and had the other thrust beneath his

"I tell you there is some villainy at work. And by the living Lord! if I ever unearth the scoundrel who is at the bottom of it he shall be made to suffer."

"You think you will unearth him?" "Every moment I can spare from settling up her father's business shall be devoted to that end. We will have a balance-sheet drawn and close up the accounts of the firm, as you will undoubtedly wish to withdraw.

"What has given you that impression, Mr. "I think, in consideration of all this underhand work, you will find it expedient to do

so, sir."
"Meaning, you suspect me?"

"Meaning that, exactly."
"Humph! Glad it's none of my quarrel," muttered Drew, noting the fierce looks of the two men as they faced each other. Next instant he sprung to his feet, and then dropped back weak and trembling, sick from the sight which met his eyes. Like a flash Brinley had brought his hand from beneath his coat and fired two shots; simultaneously with the movement the other threw up his arm and fell backward, half in the vehicle, half out of it, his bronzed face turned suddenly ghastly, and scornful glance with a great red stain upon his forehead, and doubtful villain. blood trickling from his hair. For a moment the unseen observer sat there, powerless to

move; in that moment the murderer jumped to the ground, and, dragging the body free of the carriage, tumbled it without ceremony down the steep bank into the river. Then he was back in the seat again, whipping his horses to a terrific speed, which carried them and him." him over the hill and out of sight as the clouds "Y opened and the first burst of heavy rain came down. It acted upon Drew like a powerful restorative. Without stopping to think he stripped off his boots and coat, and, taking a short run, plunged head first down the steep, and was battling with the strong current of the foaming little river as the last lurid glare from the west was suddenly obscured, and

One week later Olivia Wilder was walking ner parlor up and down, her sable dress trailing over the deep, rich tints of the carpet, a flush on her cheeks and a light in her eyes, such as had not been seen there for months before. That radiant look struck a visitor who was entering unannounced with unaffected surprise, and held him transfixed, with a gleam leaping into his own pale eyes, gloatng and exultant. She saw him as she turned

"Come in, Mr. Brinley. I was expecting you. Be seated, please." With a wave of her hand she indicated a chair, and herself sunk nto one opposite. You have brought the

You will go over the accounts?" he asked. "I trust I see you better than when I was here last, Mrs. Wilder."

You see me in a healthier frame of mind, and I will let you explain the business to me. I find it hard to understand how my father's affairs could have become so embarrassed as

you say."
"Through unwise speculations at home and unaccountable transactions of the branch You will see by the entries what a draft upon our resources that enterprise proved. | self! Pardon me; the subject, I know, is a painful one, but it is necessary it should be discussed. Don't blame me, please; I cannot alter facts." Mrs. Wilder picked up a screen from the table to shade her face, and he could see that

her hand trembled. "It is all true?" she asked, in a low voice.

'Tell me once more—all—the worst." "Is it necessary to distress you by repeating it? Well, then, from the result of my private inquiries, it appears that the branch house was badly mismanaged from the first. So badly that I can account for it only by the supposition of deliberate fraud. Its close was disastrous. The credit of the house here was saved by the use of my private fortune, as I funds? No; I'll not be beaten so." have already told you. For the rest, I have I Too late for that had he desired it, for taken all possible precautions to hush every breath of scandal which may have got affoat. The loss of the 'Sea Foam' on her way to India is connected in but few minds with the recent mysterious disappearance of Mark Wilder. But for the chance recognition of him by an acquaintance among the outward bound passengers, and the fact since elicited that he sailed under an assumed name, even we might

"In your mind," said the lady in a still, suppressed way. "But, you were always cruelly prejudiced against my husband."

"Your husband was a defaulter; he betrayed his trust shamefully; worse than all he deserted you; but he is beyond the reach of earthly vengeance at the bottom of the Pacific. I thank heaven for it."

Again the white hand holding the screen trembled visibly. "It was due to you that he was transferred

to that position," she said, presently. "Due to you that we were separated upon our marriage

"It was. When a clerk from the house me the justice to remember that your father's ther thin gentleman, with an ugly scar just caused the separation. I have always wondered at his sudden resolve which ended in having the ceremony performed; it would have spared you something had you remained only

'What?" The hand-screen went down, and she looked across at him with an unfathomable expression in her deep, dusk eyes.
"The disgrace of bearing that name, for one

thing."
"Is it so very great then? Must the stain of another's sin reflect upon me?"

"Not in my eyes," he cried, eagerly. "To me you must always be purer than the angels; but it is an uncharitable world. You, blameless, would have to suffer if it knew all. It never shall know from me, but, if the time ever comes—there is one way the first taint of reproach—with the name.

He spoke hesitatingly, choosing his words carefully, impassioned, yet fearing to say too much. Mrs. Wilder had no desire to tempt further expression from him who had been once a rejected suitor of her own.

"The books now, if you please," she said,

He bowed and turned to bend over them. 'How she has changed in this brief time," he thought, exultingly. "A woman's love will never survive disgrace in its object; that stroke has told. It was horrible work, but I shall have my reward. A man might well dare perdition for her." He said:

"I have prepared a summary, which will answer our present purpose. I will leave the books for you to examine at leisure."

The summary was a startling array of figures, by which it was made evident to even an undisciplined feminine mind that Mr. Brinley had lost some twenty thousand dollars through the misfortunes of the senior and the criminality of the junior partners in the firm. that they were both gone, and she left beggared, how would that amount of money ever

She turned away from inspecting the paper abruptly, and opened a leaf of the folding-doors which divided the double parlors.

"Mark, dear!" she called. At that name at the changed, tender voice in which it was spoken, Mr. Brinley looked wonderingly up. "Come here and tell me how this account tallies with yours. And tell him that wherever the merited disgrace may fall, I am, and always will be, proud of bearing your name. just possible the reason papa hurried our marriage was that he foresaw dimly a time when I might need a husband's protection against the diabolical scheming of such a

wretch as that." With paling face and dilating eyes the chemer sprung to his feet. "Mark, dear" had appeared and stood now by her side. She scornful glance upon the baffled, frightened,

"Well, sir," spoke the new-comer, sharply; "have you any thing to say for yourself?"

The other started forward excitedly. "Who are you? Not Mark Wilder; Pll take my oath on that. This is some impostor, Mrs. Wilder, not your husband. Why, look at the man; you surely can not be deceived by

"Yes, look at me, Olivia, and answer him." "He is my husband whom you have falsely

maligned, wickedly traduced." "If you still doubt it, here are proofs. Here is the balance-sheet of my branch which was closed without any disastrous effect to the firm. Here is your last letter to me, inquiring the exact date of my return. Here also are the papers left in Olivia's charge by her father to be delivered to me. And here," springing forward and seizing the summary, is a proof of the contemptible weakness of your plot. This would never deceive any one but a woman, but it has not deceived my wife. My own papers have had a wetting, but you will find them authentic." Still Brinley stared, aghast but incredu-

"In Heaven's name, who are you?" he

gasped. "I am Mark Wilder, I tell you," quite imperturbably. "If you have your own doubts still, perhaps you had better drag the river just below the bluffs, and see if you find me there. Men have escaped as imminent dangers as drowning with a bullet-grazed head before now, I dare say. There is the door, Mr. Brinley; I will see you elsewhere to-

"And I will see you, sir! Whoever you may be, you are no more Mark Wilder than

In his own mind he was convinced of it, but how could he brand him as an impostor without bringing about the exposure of his own guilt, while Olivia acknowledged him? How the thought galled him, after separating her house in San Francisco; mainly due to the from her true husband, after weaving a mesh latter," explained Mr. Brinley, smoothly. which he thought secure about her, to be balked now by a sharper scoundrel than him-

> He was at the business house betimes next morning, but his antagonist was there before No one but Holmes, the cashier, wit- t'other side of the river. him. nessed the interview.

"This an impostor!" cried Holmes, in amaze, as the resident partner broke out in violent accusation. "Why, bless you, sir; this is young Mark Wilder, no other. I ought to I was here when Mark came in as errand-boy, and I saw him work his own way up; ay, and I saw him married to Miss Olivia with my own eyes."

"Is all the world mad, or is it that I am?" Brinley asked himself, despairingly. "Shall I that he would slay the girl before she should throw up the game and make off with the

Holmes' eye was upon him now. A week, two weeks passed, and Brinley's sullen brow began to clear, his despondent

manner to brighten. One day he presented himself at the Wilder residence with a tightly of late. buttoned-up person in citizen's dress by his

side, and the two were admitted together.
"Tell Mrs. Wilder what you know of
this person, Hart," said Mr. Brinley, triumphsailed under an assumed name, even no mag antly.

still be uncertain of his fate. As it is, all antly.

"Well, ma'am, I've seen him tricked out in this of the low in this is all antly."

another sort of rig playing Othello, in this very town. I've made sure of it since I've been watching him for these three days back. Name of Drew, and it's a clear case of gammon the gent's been playing now."

"A clear case of something worse. Detective Hart, do your duty. Arrest this man for the murder of Mark Wilder. The evidence is that he is in possession of Wilder's effects, and the mysterious disappearance of the latter warrants the presumption of a murder.'

"Don't trouble yourself, please," said a oice at his back. "I relieve you from carvoice at his back. rying the burden of my identity further, Drew. Your make-up is very good, but not married the senior's daughter, it was no more | quite so convincing as the ghost of myself, I

Brinley wheeled. He saw a very pale, ragrazing his temple and plowing its way through his short, curly hair.

Needless to say that the arrest for murder was not made. The little comedy was played to the end, but it had not been without an object; namely, to hold the managing partner in check until Wilder was sufficiently recovered from his wound—a serious one—to take the business in hand for himself. Holmes, of course, was a party to the affair. Mr. Brinley made a mysterious disappearance on his own account immediately after it, and when Drew painted his successful "River Scene" it was bought at his own price, and afterward graced the drawing-room of his good friends, the Wilders.

A Kentucky Elopement.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"To be sure, it warn't so much the fashion in my days for young folks to fly the track and get married on their own hook," said the old General."

"But," he continued, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "they would do sich things once in a mainder.

"And I suppose, General," said I, "that it was pretty much the same story: the old peo- thieves. ple angry for the moment, but soon calming down and receiving the erring ones back into

"Mostly so, but not always! No, not always, as a story I could tell ye would go to prove," said the old veteran—of the back-

Having assured my host how great a favor he would confer by relating this bygone reminiscence, the old man drew up his chair, and spoke as follows:

"Many a year ago, just how many I needn't say, a family by the name of Markham came cut from Virginuy and settled on Bear Grass Creek about tew miles above where the city of Louisville, in Kentucky, now stands.
"The family consisted of the father, mother, ne daughter, a fine, handsom' gal about

year older than Lucy. That was the name of the daughter, you know, Lucy Markham. "Edward Markham had owned considerable

money to spend, fine clothes to wear, and niggers to wait on 'em. 'Such being the case, it couldn't hardly be expected that the gal would take very kindly to the new way of living, which her father's

failure in business had forced him to adopt. "The old people and the boy, who was clasped her hands over his arm, and turned a fine, high-spirited fellow as one would want to see, buckled to the work of cl'arin' and breaking up ground, and getting in seed for next year's crops, but do what they would, or say year's crops, but do what they would, or say while the other man was stooping before the what they might, Lucy wouldn't and didn't do fireplace, kindling the faggots placed therein. He is like an open-faced watch.

a hand's turn at anything. All she would do was to fix herself as fine as possible, and with idle hands set at the window all day and growl at the hard luck that had overtook them.

"The Markhams had been in their new place for nearly two year, when some other families came out and located around, and before long thar was a store put up at the cross roads, and soon after that others came, until quite a settlement had sprung up in Bear Grass

"Among the last lot that came was a young nan, and a handsome fellow he was, too, who claimed to hail from some of the big cities down East, I forget which, and as he appeared to have plenty of money, dressed in a way never seen before out there, and was powerful attentive to all the gals in the neighborhood, he soon came to be a great favorite among

"But he didn't take well with the older peo His ways warn't like theirs, besides which he was too fond of laying around the tore, idling away the time and drinking the whisky that Davis, the storekeeper, got from passing flatboats.

"From the very first day when Frank Johnson, as he said his name was, came into the ettlement, he took a great shine at Lucy Markham, and as that young female took no pains to hide how much she was pleased at it, they very soon came to be always together, and by and by it got whispered that they were engaged to be married.

"About this time a great excitement arose over the loss of three or four fine horses, which a Colonel Thorn had fetched over the mountains. The animals were taken out of his stable one night, and though some of the best trailers on the border set off in pursuit, they never succeeded in running them to earth, and so

they were lost. "Three weeks after this, and just when the excitement was about dying out, two more horses were missed, and never could be found. All this time there was no one suspicioned,

that is, no one about the settlement. "It was either white men from further back in the interior, or else it was the red-skins from "Another spell of quiet ensued, no horses

being missed for nearly six months, and people began to think that they had seen the end of "During this time Frank Johnson was courting Lucy Markham day and night, and though

the old folks were terribly opposed to it, it only sarved to make matters worse. The brother, too, set his face against the match, and once when much angered, swore marry a horse-thief. This was the first inti-

the opinion having been once started, you know what the result would be. "Before night it was rumored all over the settlement that Johnson was undoubtedly the thief who had been depredating so extensively

mation that any one suspected Johnson, but

"It was a terribly dangerous accusation to make in them days, and when, that very night, young Markham was called on by a party of settlers to state his reasons for making the charge, he was compelled to own up that he had no grounds save his own suspicions, and so

had to back down on his own words. "Johnson of course heard of it, but, strange to say, at least it was thought strange then, he

took no notice of the insult.

"He was forbidden the house of the Markhams under a threat of being shot if caught on the premises, and, to all appearances, the inti-macy between Lucy and himself ceased.

"But, such was not the case, by any means. Johnson was a sharp, as well as an unscrupu-lous villain, and he played his cards so well that even the vigilant brother was completely deceived.

"But the end came, or rather the exposure for the end came some time after, when, one morning, the alarm was given that three of the finest horses in the settlement were missing, and with them the gay Mr. Frank Johnson. "But it shortly appeared that he was not the only one who failed to appear when called

that day. "Another young man, an intimate companion of Johnson was absent, as was also Lucy Markham. You can well believe that there was considerable excitement in Bear Grass settlement that day.

"Two companies of young men, four in one and half a dozen in the other, were instantly assembled, one to search back into the interior and the other to cross the river at the falls and scour the Indiana side.

"Young Markham and his three companions crossed the river, following a half-obliterated trail, it having rained very hard the night be fore, which they believed to be that left by the

fugitives.
"Upon the other side the same trail was found, and in pursuing this they soon came upon positive proof that they were on the right

"At the top of a steep bank, having just crossed a creek, they found a small piece of saddle-girth, which one of the young men reeognized as his own. The strap had broken while the horse was

straining up the steep bank, and the piece had been cut away to permit of mending the re-

"This was enough, and with whip and spur the young regulators pressed on after the

"Night was falling when from a ridge, where they halted a moment to rest their horses, one of the party discovered and pointed out a solitary cabin perched upon the side of a hill away off to their right.

"The building was so far off the road that Markham doubted if the fugitives would stop there, but, wishing to be certain, he with one companion turned off to examine it, while the they were not overtaken in two hours they to return.

"Half an hour's ride brought young Markham within a few hundred yards of the cabin, and here dismounting and securing their horses, the two advanced, cautiously, until it into stove-wood. they stood under the shadow of its overhanging roof. There was no light whatever about eighteen year of age, and a son some three the building, but the sound of voices within year older than Lucy. That was the name of informed the watchers that the place was inhabited.

While deliberating what course to pursue, wealth in the old State, and his children had the sharp click of steel upon flint struck their been fetched up with every advantage in the ears, and a moment after, a bright light flashway of education and the like, with plenty of ed up and penetrated without through many cracks in the badly-chinked walls.

> tered oath, and quickly cocked his rifle.
> ""They are there!" he whispered, hoarsely. Look!' and he gave place to his companion.

"As the young man had said, the party

they were seeking were there.
"Johnson was seated upon a rickety chair, with Miss Markham resting upon his knee,

"Johnson was in high glee, and was laughing over the complete success, as he thought, that had attended his venture, but Miss Markham, who knew her brother better than either of the others, was evidently very uneasy and watchful.

"For fully five minutes young Markham did not speak, but stood leaning upon his rifle

as though in deep thought. "Presently he leaned forward, and after whispering a word in his companion's ear,

again approached the crevice in the wall.

"The position of the parties within had materially changed. Miss Markham had arisen and was standing upon the further side of the fireplace. Johnson was also on his feet, and he and his companion were standing side by side in front of the fire, earnestly talking.

"The quick eye of young Markham noted

the positions.
"They were in direct range, and instantly the heavy rifle was silently protruded through the opening, a quick aim taken, and before I had fully realized what were his intentions, the sharp report rung out, and the two victims were prostrate upon the floor of the ca

"The ball had sped truly, striking Johnson fairly in the throat, passing through and into the brain of the other man, who was slightly shorter in stature than the first.

"I shall never forget the shriek that gal gave, nor her frenzy when she realized who had struck the blow. "We left the two horse-thieves where they

had fallen, and carried the gal back home where, after a time, she recovered, and finally married well." "So," said I, "you were an eye-witness,

General, to this terrible retribution. "I had not intended to say so, for I dislike. even to this day, to admit that I was an actor in it, but it may serve to show you how differently such things were managed in those days from what they are now."

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

And now sweet summer dies;
Ah, me! to think of all the golden hours
We passed, when first to life she sprung,
And strewed our pathway with her choicest flowers
And lulled us with the magic of her tongue,
That whispered in the breeze, or louder sung
As Philomel, till every fiber swung
In rapturous pleasure known but to the young;
Such happy past remembering, who but sighs
For summer, vanishing. Too soon she dies.

But some say wherefore weep?
ummer returns. True, but not this, not this;
Granted, the earth may wake again
olife and beauty 'neath the ardent kiss
Of yet another, which shall doubtless reign,
Lavish of fruits and flowers and blessed grain,
Now nurtured with her smile, now with her rain;
But for this summer we shall grieve in vain;
Once dead, forever dead; the days of yore,
To hearts that ache with longing, come no more.

No skies will be so bright,
At least to us, who gazed on those of June;
Beheld the west with light aflame;
Then waited for the rising of the moon,
That later like a saintly spirit came.
No fairer morns the glowing east will claim,
Nor rouse the lark to spread Aurora's fame;
What future summer days can be the same?
Of all that wait our mortal path to cheer,
What equal to the past, what half so dear?

And therefore do we mourn
Out of our life the sweetest chapter done;
The very fairest page gone by.
There could not be a happier one
Though we are aged ere we come to lie
In death's embraces; be he far or nigh,
We always must remember, you and I,
These haloyon days departed, brief as bright—
This summer which is dying as I write.

Beat Time's Notes.

When we see a man mistaking a toll-gate ole for an old-fashioned well, we think he has had more to drink than he needs.

I ALWAYS wore patches on my pants when a boy, for, between my father, and my mother, and the teacher, my pants wouldn't last

An astronomer says the world is to come to an end in 6,900 years. I now make this a pressing pretext when I go to settle up with a

WHENEVER I come across a snake, my first instinct is to run; my next is to run faster; the next to increase the speed; and the next is not to slack up a bit for a week.

I STILL see that people are given to blowing into shotguns with their toes on the ham-mer to see if they are loaded. The guns are charged to give them the desired information.

"JOHN, run up-stairs and see if the window down. "I am down-stairs and the window is up." She then made a smarter boy out of him

with her slipper. A MAN out West advertises a hair restorer which will gather up the hairs which have fallen off for years, and put them back, black your gray hairs as easily as a pair of boots, pesides removing dandruff and giving you a

new set of brains.

My father spent one whole summer on a farm-gate which was a model of its kind. wo of them would have taken up a small farm. It was one of the most perfect things to climb over that you ever saw. It would give employment to two men to open it. A small engine would work it easily. I suggested to the old gentleman an improvement by placing the boards wider apart, so it would be handier to crawl through. He suggested an improvement in my manners with a shingle. It was nearly as good as a pair of slip-bars. It was so hard to open that I always went to other two pushed on the more direct road. If one side and climbed the fence. He finally remodeled it and fixed it so he could drive through it without getting out by letting the tongue of the wagon strike it and knock it down, but he had to get out when through and set it up again. He afterward remodeled

BILKINS has the biggest mouth that ever a man was attached to. That mouth must be a hundred years old, although he is only thirty. When he opens it wide you can't see anything of him. He can throw himself through it merely by turning a summerset. There was not material enough to finish his head of what was left out in his mouth. It is an impossioility for him to whisper, because his voice "Quick as thought, Markham applied his eye to one of these, sprung back with a muthe goes to sing, all the notes are whole ones, all falls out when he opens his mouth. When as no half or quarter notes can be made. A mouthful of victuals lasts him a week. When you see a very large vacancy coming downstreet, you may know it is he, pushing his mouth along. He can't completely close it, as there isn't leather enough in his face to allow it. He can't use anything but big words.